

THE AMERICAN A WEEKLY

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Week of July 16, 1944



Highlights to Charm

By David Wright ·
Distinguished British Artist

The Veil

Killed by an Army of Cannibal Ants

FAR in the distance, barely audible, a signal drum boomed through the green vastness of the Peruvian jungle. At the first muffled sound, the native chief cupped his hand to a copper-colored ear.

"Father Moscoso come," he said, as his face broke into a toothy grin.

To the Inlilans the arrival of Father Tabor Moscoso was a big event. Once a year the kindly priest set out from the Salesian Monastery near Monterrio to make the rounds of his wild jungle parish.

His coming was the signal for great feasts and celebrations. Births. Weddings. Baptisms. The good father officiated at them all. For 10 years it had been so. Today was no exception. Excitement in the village was at a feverish pitch. Roasts were already sizzling on the spits. Wine was cooling in the tree-hung gourds.

The distant boom-boom of the drums meant that Father Moscoso and his Cholo helper had entered the valley. Another hour at the most and he would be among them. The gaily-dressed Indians made their way to the edge of the village.

The hour passed. No padre. As the second hour ticked by, and no sign of the priest, the natives looked uneasily at one another. Then down the path that led from the green forest the Cholo helper, weighted down with duffel, appeared.

A cheer went up. But it was short-lived. One look at the Cholo and the Indians knew something had happened. They pressed around the trail-man. The old chief was first to speak.

"Father Moscoso? Where is he?" Gently, the Cholo placed a blanket-roll on the ground. Then making

the sign of the cross with a shaking hand, he carefully unfolded the poncho. The natives gasped at what they saw.

The old chief was the first to recover his composure. He squatted on the ground and picked up a blue-white skull from a tumbled heap of bones. He held it in his gnarled hands and raised it slowly above his head. Slowly, silently, the Indians formed a circle around him.

Youngsters with eyes like black buttons and hair like the tails of horses clung to the folds of their mothers' skirts. Some of them had a en such goings-on be-

fore. They knew how strong men went into the jungle—and came home in a blanket. All bones and no flesh.

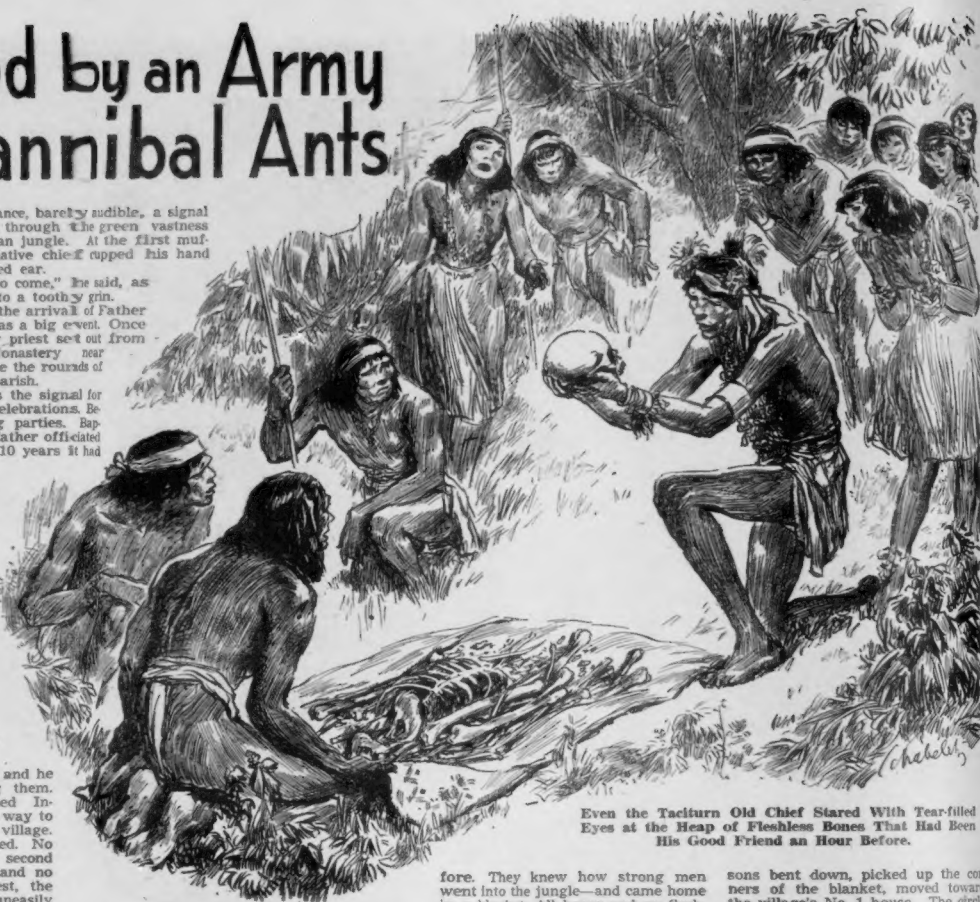
The chief closed his eyes against the sun—and the curious tricks of the evil gods. A monotony of sounds came from his mouth. The ring of brown faces around him joined in the chant. Father Moscoso was getting a requiem, older than any his Church had taught him. But he would have liked it.

The chief lowered his hands until the skull was back in the blanket. He stood up. The ceremony was over. He turned to the Cholo.

"Where?" he asked. "By log bridge over ravine. Padre come along behind me. I hear one shout. Look back. Padre not on log. I run into valley. Long way to bottom. See broken ant hill. No padre. Only bones."

The chief made a small gesture with one gaunt hand. Two of his

sons bent down, picked up the corners of the blanket, moved toward the village's No. 1 house. The circle became a straight line. It moved, too, and sent a strange, minor sing-song floating into the tangled greenery. Nature's most brutal and efficient killers had taken another victim.



Even the Taciturn Old Chief Stared With Tear-filled Eyes at the Heap of Fleshless Bones That Had Been His Good Friend an Hour Before.

A Queer Cure for Baldness

HAIR today and gone tomorrow. That's the unfortunate plight of most men. And, as a result, there has been a constant search, since time began, to find something that would restore hair to bald heads.

Fortunes have been spent in research, but to date scientists have not been able to invent a magic formula.

But now a new hope looms on the horizon. Recent stories from one advanced American base in the South Pacific tell how some of our soldiers and sailors, whose heads have been as smooth as honeydew melons, suddenly began to sprout full crops of hair. Just what is responsible hasn't yet been determined. Perhaps it is the climate.

For example, Chief Yeoman George Landrum of Birmingham, Alabama, was so beset of hirsute foliage that his pals in the Navy dubbed him "cue-ball"—no fuzz in 20 years. Yet the other day he proudly strolled into the headquarters' barber shop and demanded a haircut.

Another baldy was Chief Boat-swain's Mate Gordon Hughes of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The 44-year-old fighting man, one-time traffic officer in his home town, had only a light down on the top of his head when he first reported for duty in the Pacific. The other day he went back to using a comb and brush for the first time in years.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

His Church Is a Caboose

CHAPLAIN STANLEY EUGENE SMITH, a captain in the United States Army, is one minister who doesn't wait for his men to come around to his church. He takes it to them.

To make sure that American soldiers stationed in Iran would have a chance to attend divine services, Reverend Smith converted an old rusty-red railroad caboose into a chapel.

Whenever a train is going his way, the chaplain just hooks his caboose onto the end. In this way he visits GI Joe all over Iran.

There is nothing stuffy or formal about the kind of religion that Smith dishes out. Whenever he arrives at a camp, he tosses a towel over each shoulder and then calls:

"Who wants to cry on my shoulder?"

Because of his informal handling of men, and his down-to-earth way of giving advice, the chaplain gets a rousing welcome wherever he goes. An average of 100 soldiers a week call on him to discuss personal problems.

In the railroad car Smith has installed a pipe organ, hymn books, and other church equipment. He also carries a stock of magazines.

There Is Nothing Stuffy or Formal About the Kind of Religion the Chaplain Preaches From His Battered Railroad Car.





Concealed In the Seer's Turban Are Earphones Through Which She Receives From a Confederate Messages Supposedly Burned In the Brazier At the Right.



The Medium's Hidden Assistant Obtained the Questions When the Switch Bag Was Dropped Into the Bottomless Basket.

SEERS AND



The Medium's Props: the Bag, the Medium's Card Index and the Shoes Which Were Wired for Sound.

An EXPOSE of the
SPIRITUALISTIC RACKET
by JOSEPH DUNNINGER,
MASTER MENTALIST
and READER of
THOUGHTS

ducing a painting visibly in the same style that had characterized his earthly work.

Visiting the studio in the guise of a believer, I joined a group that faced an alcove containing a hanging, canvas. The lights were dimmed to encourage the spirit artist.

What happened was uncanny.

Colors began to shape themselves in curious blurs as though a spirit hand were actually at work.

Then, as other daubs were added, the painting shaped itself into a medieval portrait which the medium in trance state identified as Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII who was beheaded by him in 1536.

The lights were raised and the drying portrait was placed upon an easel so the deluded believers could bid for it, which revealed where the profit lay.

The price paid was ten times its proper value, a fact which I can vouch for since I made the final bid.

By then, the painting was practically dry, which made it all the more remarkable, according to the medium.

It meant that the portrait could be wrapped,

No. 5—Spirit Photography
IF SPIRITS could really talk to mediums, they would advise them to be more cautious.

Anxious to meet the rapidly-increasing demand for spirit manifestations, the fakers of such phenomena are releasing their new tricks prematurely, thus giving us a preview of frauds originally planned to dupe the postwar world.

Spirit photography is back again, as I was sure it would be. It is a natural sequel to the "messages" that trance mediums have been producing orally, particularly in England where most communications are purportedly from war dead.

Trance messages are only the first step to the credulous. When something more tangible is needed in the way of proof, spirit photographs often provide it, in spite of the fact that experts declare they have never seen a spirit photograph they could accept as genuine.

Nevertheless, spirit photographs have always impressed the public, particularly following wars. Soon after the Civil War a photographer named Mumler accidentally discovered that faces dimly reappeared on plates that were only lightly cleaned, and the business was on its way.

One of the clients who visited Mumler's Boston studio was Mrs. Lincoln. Tipped off to her arrival, Mumler produced a picture in which the faint portrait of the martyred President appeared above the widow's shoulder.

After World War I, spirit photography boomed until Sir Arthur Conan Doyle announced that fairies could be photographed as readily as spirits, and produced pictures which he had been told were genuine, all portraying pixies on the prowl.

Expert analysis tore these fairy pictures to shreds. But people forget. So now spirit photographs are enjoying a new vogue.

Small wonder, considering the scientific ways of faking them. Fluorescent backgrounds painted with faces visible only to the camera's eye; curved light that will produce a spirit image on a plate; hidden projectors that plant an "extra" above a sitter's shoulder; even an x-ray device concealed in a table to introduce faces on a sealed plate that is temporarily laid there!

In reviving spirit photography, mediums have been careful to choose their own audiences and

have worked under what they term "test conditions" with committees of skeptics who know a great deal, but not trick photography.

During a recent test seance, tiny pictures were produced on bits of sensitized paper without the aid of a camera. Under the name of "skotographs" these are said to be the work of spirit "technicians" who use an astral process.

Sometimes symbols have appeared instead of faces, the medium describing them before looking at the developed papers. If spirits were really so obliging, why couldn't skeptics call for symbols of their own choice?

The answer is obvious: the papers are prepared beforehand. These self-developing pictures are nothing more than a "dime pitch" used by side-show fortune tellers.

Mail-order supply houses sell the "blanks" at \$3 a thousand in assorted lots. Moisture from a solution of hypo-sulphite of soda develops them. Such is the basis of "skotographs."

There is a purpose behind this sudden build-up of a penny item. Should skotographs become the vogue at seances, mediums would willingly pay much more for ones made to order from photographs of relatives of their wealthy clients—relatives whose likenesses would later magically appear when the skotographs were developed.

Now that the truth is known about this hoax, we will be hearing less about skotographs.

Spirit slate writing has been perfected to a point that would mystify its originator, Dr. Slade, who used to switch blank slates for ones with messages, using his toes to write with chalk on slates under the table.

Modern mediums will let you take blank slates into a darkened room and hold them while the spirits silently inscribe messages. To prove there is no deception, the mediums insist that you clean the slates with cleansing fluid they provide.

That's the trick of it. The message is written beforehand with a chemical preparation that remains invisible until a reagent is applied. The odor was the "give-away" until a clever medium struck upon the idea of putting the liquid in a bottle labeled cleansing fluid.

Now the victim does the work himself, sponging the slate with the necessary reagent, which is always a slow-acting solution that doesn't bring out the writing until the slate has dried.

Years ago, spirit portraits were a flourishing racket; they were produced in dark cabinets on blank canvasses that came out bearing oil paintings. The portraits were simply smeared over with a preparation similar to "Chinese white" to make the canvas pass as blank.

In the cabinet, quick work with a chemical-dipped sponge enabled the medium to wipe away the white surface and reveal the "spirit portrait."

After this method was exposed, spirit portraiture became a forgotten art. Recently it cropped up again.

One of my scouts informed me that a medium, who had rented a studio apartment, was saying she had come under the "control" of the former occupant, an artist who had passed away.

Whenever the medium concentrated on a blank canvas, the spirit artist would set to work, pro-



But the Lights Revealed the Infant Spook as Really an Oversize Puppet Mitten, Covered With Luminous Paint.

so the medium summoned the janitor and handed him the painting.

The believers were too busy discussing the seance to notice my departure down a fire escape.

I reached the basement just after the janitor, and surprised him carefully wrapping an exact duplicate portrait before he had put away the original.

Though I had never met the man, I called him by his own name and he wilted when he heard it. As I suspected, he was the "dead" artist.

Then, we went up to see the medium, who had no choice but to admit her part in the combination.

The stunt was very clever. The alcove was merely a fair-sized niche and its ornamental border concealed a pipe that followed the curve of the arch.

Studded with tiny holes the pipe emitted a fine chemical spray when the pressure was turned on.

Under treatment from this exaggerated atomizer, colors were developed upon a chemically treated canvas.

Producing colors from invisible chemicals was child's play to this team, but the developed portraits would not stand close examination. So that



A Faked Spirit Photograph of a Ghostly Face Whispering to a Medium Who Supposedly Is in a Trance.

SUCKERS

The Grief-stricken Mother Was Overwhelmed When Her Dead Baby Apparently Appeared From the Spirit World To Caress Her Face With Its Tiny Hands...



is why the artist had to switch the pictures. And the picture-switching was done too carelessly.

Society mediums are using tomorrow's methods, as I learned when I crashed a penthouse party. Skeptics weren't invited, but since the medium's specialty was that of answering written messages in total darkness, I timed my arrival to coincide with the scheduled blackout.

I was in time to see the medium seated just beyond a table where the sitters had placed their folded messages.

Then the lights were turned off and immediately the medium began getting correct results from the spirits.

The old-fashioned method of doing this trick was as follows:

In the dark the medium would pull a sack over her head and body, after picking up the folded papers. Using a flashlight, she could then read the papers without anyone's knowing it.

Giving answers was the problem, for there would either have to be pauses, while she squirmed out of the sack and in again, or she would have to fake a long preliminary trance which usually impressed the believers.

This medium did neither; she went right into her messages, reeling them off convincingly.

Working my way through the darkness, I picked up a folded pad of writing paper that the medium had laid aside, the very pad from which she had supplied the sheets of paper.

In the darkness of the street, those pages

glowed, for they were coated with luminous paint, on the top side only.

I wrote "Dunniger" on a sheet and my pencilled name stood out in black against the shining background.

All the medium had to do was pick up the slips, open them, and read them in the darkness, keeping the luminous side toward herself.

The most ingenious of recent mediumistic contrivances is a baby ghost that appears right among the sitters, climbs their shoulders, caresses their faces, and vanishes before they can recover from their amazement.

I grabbed one of these infant spooks when it became too familiar, and it turned out to be a new style "monkey mitten" of the Punch and Judy type.

The medium was operating it with thumb and little finger extended into the hollow arms, forefinger manipulating the hollow head.

Considerably larger than the usual puppet of this sort, the figure was dressed in a sizeable gown and its entire surface was coated with the best brand of luminous paint.

To make it vanish, the medium simply dipped her hand straight down, flipping the midget's robe inside out so that the luminous glow disappeared.

Mediums are jumping the gun with these new gadgets because the old-time members of their clan have run into complications.

American believers run their British cousins a close second as dupes of spirit fakers. Nine years ago a New York medium was working as a "healer" who materialized the spirit of an eminent physician known as "Dr. Walker."

Under the massaging treatment of the spirit's skillful hands, numerous gullible women patients were being "cured" of ailments, until a police-woman grabbed "Dr. Walker" and captured the medium, rigged as a ghost, and ended the racket. I appeared as a technical witness when the medium was remanded for sentence.

Only recently I learned that "Dr. Walker" was back in practice, assisted by his favorite medium.

Wherever you find dupes, there will be fakers to defraud them, and both are found in every land in this believing world.

THE END,

Stars for Mimi; Stripes for Chottie

The Insignia On the
Husbands Of the
Baker Heiress And
the Madcap Milburn
Beauty, Suggest How
Socialite Glamor Girls
Are Getting GI Ro-
mances Mixed Up



Humbling the
Mighty and
Glorifying the
Lowly, Military
Rank Has
Snarled Matrimo-
nial Fishing.
Chottie Milburn
(Above), Hooked
a Sergeant.

Actress Cobina Wright, Jr., Whose
Marriage to Palmer Beaudette, An
Aristocratic Corporal, Was a Straw
in the New Social Wind.

THEY were both top-flight New
York society glamour girls—in
pre-war days.

Both recently got divorces and
married army men.

Both are now living within shoot-
ing distance of each other in Florida.

With all that in common, you'd
think that Charlotte (Hot-Cha Chot-
tie) Milburn, niece of the late great
polo player, Devereux Milburn, and
Gloria (Mimi) Baker, daughter of
Mrs. Margaret Emerson and half-
sister of George and Alfred Gwynne
Vanderbilt, might be seeing a good
deal of each other these days.

But they aren't, because Mimi's
new husband, Edward H. Alexander,
an erstwhile Illinois farm boy, is a
general, while Earl H. Mote, Chottie's
fourth and latest spouse, is only a
sergeant.

"The Colonel's lady and Judy
O'Grady are sisters under their
skins," declared Kipling. No doubt he
was right. But the things that seem
to count in drawing rooms and the
better grade of nightclubs are things
outside the skin, such as money in
the pocket, a name in the Social
Register and insignia on the shoulder.

That last criterion is not only a
novelty in this country but a revolu-
tionary novelty, which in many cases
has abased the patrician and elevated
the ordinary Joe.

Youths, accustomed to sitting atop
the social heap, have waked up to
find themselves "sir-ing" people right
and left, not to mention stooping to
the lowliest chores.

Others have stepped straight from
just such chores into a dream world
of bowing menials and beaming
debutantes.



Mimi Baker, Multi-Million Dollar
Vanderbilt Relative, With Her New
Husband, Brig. Gen. E. H. Alexan-
der, Who Used to Be a Farm Boy.

But if these lightning changes have
spread dizziness among the men them-
selves, it's nothing to the dizziness
that has attacked their womenfolk.
The men at least get uniforms, which
lend some substance and logic to
their sudden transformations.

Wives and mothers, dragged
abruptly up or down the ladder with
them, get nothing. They just have
to take the whole business on faith,
as they do changes in the weather.

During the long period she spent
splitting up with her first husband,
Henry J. (Bob) Topping (the brother
of Dan Topping, who's married to
Sonja Henie), Mimi Baker had a good
chance to observe the way the new
social winds were blowing.

Looking around among her ac-
quaintances, she found many of them
dazedly married or contracted to men
who had been first-rate catches and

now, in the armed
forces, were nobodies.

There was Cobina
Wright, Jr., the social-
ite movie actress, wed
to Palmer Beaudette,
a corporal. There was Esme O'Brien's
husband, David Sarnoff, in peacetime
the distinguished son of the president
of R. C. A., in wartime, just another
naval ensign.

There were even more sobering
cases. With all his millions, Alexis
Thompson, then a private and now a
lieutenant, was reported on the verge
of a crackup with his wife, Anne St.
George; and the Winston Guests—
he's the polo playing second cousin
of Prime Minister Churchill—were
straining at the leash. They're di-
vorced now, on the heels of Winston's
boost to a 2nd lieutenant in the
Marines.

Mimi observed all this and then she
leaped, with her eyes wide open,
right into the arms of Brigadier Gen-
eral Edward H. Alexander, com-
mander of the Caribbean Wing of the
Air Transport Command.

The general probably thought it
was a mirage at first. At least, it
must have been a little hard for him
to see how his past—working as a
farm hand on his father's farm, win-

ning a scholarship to the Uni-
versity of Illinois, washing
dishes and teaching school to
make ends meet—how all that
had led to marriage with a
multi-million dollar Vanderbilt
heiress.

There was nothing to prevent
Chottie Milburn from duplicat-
ing Mimi's leap—nothing, that
is, except her disposition. As
the record bears eloquent witness,
she is the impulsive type.

Thirty now, she has had three hus-
bands and a number of incidental fi-
nances. Hugh Parker Pick-
ering, a matrimonial alum-
nus of Merry Fahrney,
was the first to win her

hand. Chottie fell
to bickering
with Mr. Pick-
ering and kept it
up with her
next husband,
Thomas P.
Chesebrough,
Jr., who was a
socialite and publisher.

Then, after two divorces,
she was all set for the
wealthy playboy, John B.
Wright. The steps that led to their
marriage were these:

Mr. Wright put on a private skeet
shoot, using an innocent neighbor as
a clay pigeon (fortunately, he
missed). Then he played hare and
hounds with the entire Madison,
Conn., constabulary, escaped to sea
with Chottie in a motor boat and
finally was cut down by a Coast
Guard cutter.

These shenanigans earned him the
title of "One-Man Riot" and a three-
month stretch in the pokey. When he
got out, Chottie married him, be-
cause, she said, "I want peace and
quiet."

Disappointed in this expectation,
she divorced Mr. Wright last winter
on grounds of assorted crudity.
So, taken all in all, it was no sur-
prise to anybody when a few weeks
ago she married a sergeant instead
of a general.

Earl H. Mote, the sergeant in
question, was born 24 years ago in
Newcastle, Australia, has never been
married before.

You're lovelier...
Your Skin's Softer, Smoother
with just One Cake of Camay!



**Tests by doctors prove
 Camay is Really Mild**

Oh, how happy you'll be... to see the fresher, softer look that comes to your skin with just *one cake* of Camay! Simply change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care... on over 100 complexions... on girls with skin like yours. And the very *first* cake of Camay made most complexions fairly bloom! Made them softer! —more delicate! Even younger-looking!



**it cleanses
 without
 irritation**

"Camay is really mild," reported the doctors, "it cleansed without irritation." With such striking proof that Camay can benefit skin, don't you want to try this *mild* care? Surely you can expect your skin to glow with new loveliness! So get Camay.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take just one minute, each night and morning, to whisk up a creamy Camay lather—smooth it over your face—nose and chin especially. Rinse warm. If your skin is the oily type, add a lively C-O-L-D splash. That's all you do! And with just *one cake* of Camay—your skin will glow with radiant new freshness, feel softer to touch!



Be wartime thrifty—make each cake of Camay last and last! Precious war materials go into soap.



Mrs. Frederick C. Widing
 NEW YORK CITY

Lovely Camay bride! Take her tip on complexion care. "My skin simply sparkled—fresher, more radiant—with my first cake of Camay!"

That New Outer Planet Keeping Scientists Awake

Glimpsed for the First Time, the Offspring of Twin, Tumbling Stars, 61 Cygnus, 11 Light Years Away, and of Ophiuchi, 17 Light Years Distant, Holds Almost as Much Mystery as Two Other Recently Discovered Remote Neighbors of Our Universe

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

FROM the day that man first realized the stars were celestial bodies and not mere pinholes in the heaven's canopy of blue, he has wondered whether the vastness of outer space held other planets like his own.

Now, for the first time, earth-bound astronomers have actually seen and photographed the light from these outer, cosmic "other" planetary systems where men may be fighting their own wars, rearing families and worrying about taxes.

Far outside the familiar solar systems of planets are the new satellites.

One is in 70 Ophiuchi, in the constellation of the Serpent, and 17 light years distant. The other, much nearer, is called 61 Cygnus C by its discoverer, Dr. K. A. Strand of Sproul Observatory, Swarthmore College.

The astronomical double talk name of 61 Cygnus C is just the scientists' way of saying this new planet is a satellite of the twin, tumbling double star 61 Cygnus in the constellation of the Swan.

61 Cygnus is 11 light years away, some 66,000,000,000 miles from the earth, but in outer space this is really just next door.

Dr. Strand has been keeping an eye on the double star 61 Cygnus for many years and he has been photographing it at intervals. He has known it was a two-

The Wavy Jitterbug Path of 61 Cygnus Was the Clue That Led to the Discovery of the New Planet.

part body with twin stars revolving around each other like some great stellar dumbbell. At the same time, the twin stars moved through the sky in a definite orbit.

The trouble with 61 Cygnus, Dr. Strand discovered, was that its path was not in its expected orbit. Instead, the twin stars swung in and out on a wavy, zigzag track. What made the dancing star twins go jitterbug?

The best guess was that some unknown, unrecognized member body was also present as a satellite and throwing the twin Cygnus star off the calculated orbit.

Finally, a careful search revealed the new planet 61 Cygnus C, shining dimly by reflected light from its binary star parents.

For the first time man had found a planet outside his own solar system. Could it, will it or does it support life as man knows it upon the earth?

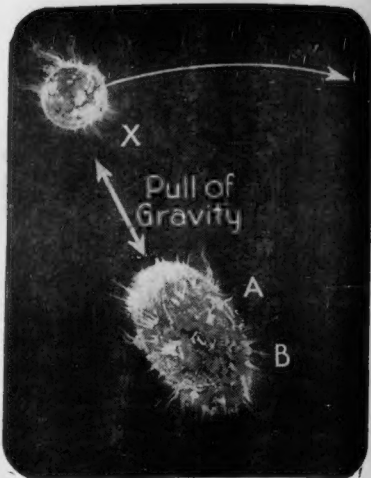
The answer can come only from a study of what astronomers now know about 61 Cygnus C. However, if there is life on 61 Cygnus C it is life of a very peculiar kind.

While the new planet is tiny beside its massive binary star parents, it is huge in terms of solar planets like Venus, Earth, Saturn or Jupiter.

61 Cygnus C has a mass 16 times as great as Jupiter's and Jupiter is heavy-weight, planetary champion of our solar system. In terms of the earth's mass 61 Cygnus C is a planet giant, for its mass is 5000 times as great. And the earth is no midget itself for it tips the scales in science's

book at 5,980 million, million, million tons!

If these figures sound like the war debt think of it in terms of the pull of gravity on the new planet. A man weighing 150 pounds



Astronomers Now Believe the Birth of the New Planet Came About When the Gravitational Pull of Some Passing Star (X) Started 61 Cygnus Splitting Up.

on earth would weigh 325 tons on the new-found planet 61 Cygnus C.

This little matter of weight is the tipoff on what life on the Cygnus is like... if there is life.

To support a body that weighed as much as four loaded coal cars a Cygnusian, or Cygnusese, or whatever he might be called, would have to have bones about the size of concrete pillars to support his own weight. If he ever fell off a curbstone he would land like—not one—but 325 tons of bricks.

Maybe a better bet is that inhabitants of 61 Cygnus C would have multiple, centipede-like legs so that no two of them would have to take up the crushing pull of gravity on the planet. And just to keep the pattern, the Cygnusian might turn out to be flat. In any event he probably would be bow-legged.

LIFE on Cygnus would indeed be a topsy-turvy world by earth standards. Imagine having a world with two suns and no moon in the sky. It would be all day and no night, and while there ought to be two sunrises and two sunsets there probably would not be because one sun would always be in the Cygnusian sky.

The people, of whatever shape, they might be, would all be tanned a deep chocolate brown from this constant exposure of the sunlight from their two parent suns.

And the Cygnusian plants and vegetables might have a field day like the super giant crops that grow in protected Alaskan valleys in the short but always sunlit Alaskan summertime. If Alaska can grow strawberries the size of golf balls or better, 61 Cygnus C ought to turn them out like watermelons.

Trees, if there are trees on Cygnus C, would be the original petrified forests. Only by having a kind of calcium rock-like structure could the "wood" be strong enough to support its own weight. You wouldn't saw it, but—chisel it.

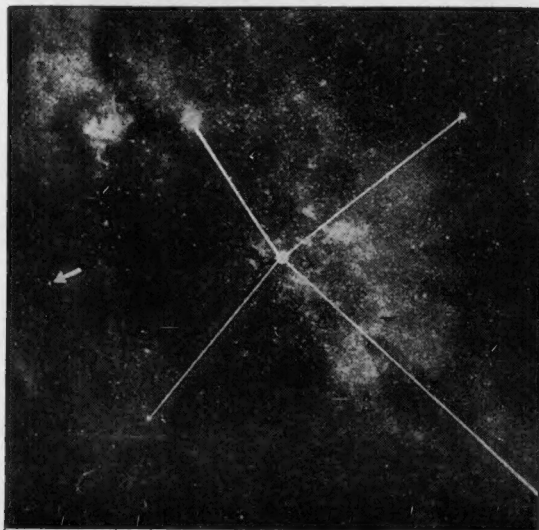
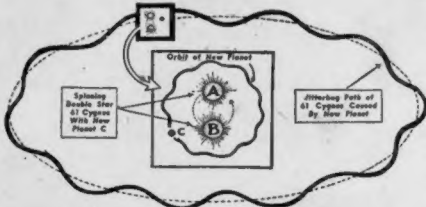
And then there is the little matter of having plants and animals on the new planet able to utilize hydrogen gas for breathing. Cygnus C

probably retains most of its original hydrogen gas, for its gigantic size makes its gravitational forces grip this buoyant, lightest of all gases in a vice-like grasp.

In contrast, our tiny earth is so small most of its original hydrogen has long since vanished off into space.

That's why the air men and plants on earth now breathe,

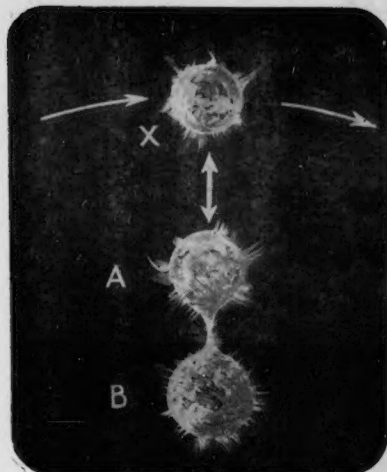
Artist's Drawing of Earth and Jupiter Seen in Relative Size From One of the Latter's Moons. The New Outer Planet, 61 Cygnus C, Is About One and a Half Times Larger Than Jupiter.



The New Outer Planet in 61 Cygnus (Arrow) Is Located Near the Constellation Northern Cross Which Appears High Overhead on Late Summer Evenings.



July 16, 1944



As Star X Passed By, It Drew 61 Cygnus Into the Dumbbell Shape A and B, With a Glowing Filament Between.

contains oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide and some of the rare inert gases like argon and krypton as its main ingredients.

On earth men and plants have adapted themselves to living in such an atmosphere but the Cygnusian men and plants would have to make the switch to breathe lots of hydrogen.

Since hydrogen is used to inflate barrage balloons, and was once used aboard giant airships, maybe the breathing of bouyant hydrogen gas would help overcome the tremendous drag of gravity on 61 Cygnus C.

If the distance of the new planet from its twin parent suns were great the atmosphere of 61 Cygnus C might even be frozen methane gas. Methane is ordinarily a gaseous compound composed of one atom of carbon linked with four atoms of hydrogen in the formula, CH_4 . It is found in a frozen state on the outer planets like Jupiter of our own little solar system, the satellites that still contain great amounts of hydrogen. Frozen methane might be on Cygnus C also.

But whether speculation over life on 61 Cygnus C is plausible or not, there is no doubt about the importance of the new discovery in upsetting astronomer's theories on how planetary systems can be formed and the probable number that may be present in the outer universe.

Under old theories having a planetary system around a sun was a piece of remote astronomical luck. It happened so rarely that our solar system stood a good chance of being the only one in all of space. Since the earth alone among the solar planets seemed to be the only one that could support life as we know it, man indeed seemed to be something unique, odd and outstanding. But it's all different now.

Finding a new planet right in our own star galaxy, without worrying over all the other millions of galaxies in space, is important confirmation for the theory of Allahabad University's Professor A. C. Banerji.

Older theories said outer planets—if there were outer planets—would most probably be found in far off other worlds and not right next door to the earth and the sun.

Planet 61 Cygnus C may be 11 light years away from us but on the cosmic scale that is about as close as two peas in a pod.

Moreover, just to confirm the Banerji theory further, astronomers have a strong suspicion that the star group Cincinnati 1244 has a planet

in it, too. Cincinnati 1244 is 17 light years distant from the earth. Thus, with our own solar system of planets, there are now three and possibly four planetary systems in our universe where before there was only one.

Planet systems ought to be equally plentiful in the other galaxies, the other universes of space.

DR. BANERJI plugged for planetary abundance, versus plant scarcity, by speculating on those strange pulsating stars called the Cepheid variables which shine not steadily but with a flickering intensity. Their light ebbs and swells because the Cepheid stars are expanding and contracting like great cosmic balloons. And like balloons, Cepheid stars are ever dangerously close to blowing up.

The Banerji theory said if some neighboring star passed by in the sky, without even coming very close, it might break up a Cepheid star into two halves which, flying off into space, would become twin stars just like 61 Cygnus.

As the fission occurred the two halves were at first connected by a glow-

Since Cygnus C Has Two Suns, It Probably Has Perpetual Daylight and, If Crops Could Grow on It, They Should Be of Gigantic Size.



If the Twin Stars 61 Cygnus Could Be Brought Down Near the Earth, the Filament Would Be Seen to Have Become 61 Cygnus C, and Perhaps Other Planets as Yet Undiscovered.

ing film of matter, a cosmic thread linking the two twin stars. This filament broke up shortly and its pieces cooled, becoming planets.

Since there are thousands of Cepheid variable stars and many are near the rupture point, the possibilities of forming planetary systems of their own are many.

By the older theories one planetary system per galaxy was a good outside bet. Now, however, any one galaxy of stars could probably have several—maybe hundreds.

Whether these planets support life, as does the earth, is yet unknown, but scientists do know that the chemical elements exist, and the laws of chemistry and physics are obeyed, throughout the universe.

Thus, if conditions were just right on the other planets to duplicate those on earth there is no reason why life could not come into being as it did upon the earth in the distant past.

In all probability many of these outer non-solar system planets cannot support life. They are probably too hot, like the planet Mercury of our own solar system.

Others, too, may be getting ready to support life like Venus in our planetary system.

But the unchanging rule about nature is that it changes. What today may be a planet incapable of supporting life may in the future become the home of animals and plants like those we know upon the earth.

There is even the possibility that some of the outer yet-undiscovered planets are far ahead of the earth in fashioning a special race of great men and gigantic plants.

Perhaps even at this moment these outer-cosmic planetary geniuses are peering at our small earth and watching the tiny earth-peoples on it looking up into the sky through funny-looking things they call telescopes . . . looking and, as they look, pondering if life on other distant worlds like theirs really does exist.



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CARS IN SERVICE. Night photograph of two-way traffic.



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the thousands of miles you haven't driven yet.

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Nick Persuaded an Unknown Gent to Saw the Legs Off the Guest Room Bed.



The Fun-Loving Nightclub Proprietor Claims That a Practical Joke a Day Doesn't Keep the Customers Away

By CHARLES ROBBINS

IT ISN'T absolutely necessary for a nightclub proprietor to have a wacky streak, but it helps.

Nick Quattrociochi, who runs New York's swank El Borracho, is the authority for this profound observation, of which he offers himself as an outstanding example.

Nick is not only good at entertaining people in conventional ways but he also excels at entertaining himself with practical jokes.

An incident which occurred while he was the guest of Gracie Fields, the famous English comedienne, and her husband, Monty Banks, at a recent Hollywood house party illustrates graphically his special brand of humor.

One of the other guests, an elderly gentleman, was crazy about carpentry. Wondering how far the man would go—if given a chance to ride his hobby—Nick got him a saw and then led him forth to see what could be seen and sawed.

"How about that diving board?" he asked, as they came to the swimming pool. "I never saw a diving board that long. What do you say we snip a little off the end of it?"

The elderly gentleman seemed a bit reluctant at first, but, in the end, the fascination of the shiny tool in his hand, plus Nick's powers of persuasion, proved just too much for him.

When Miss Fields, her husband and the rest of the party got back from a tour of the movie lots they found that the rapt amateur craftsman—egged on by the crafty Nick—had removed about three feet from the end of the diving board, had amputated the legs of his bed (so he could climb into it more easily) and was in the midst of thinning out the branches of the estate's beautiful, night-blooming jasmine trees (so he could get a better look at the birds).

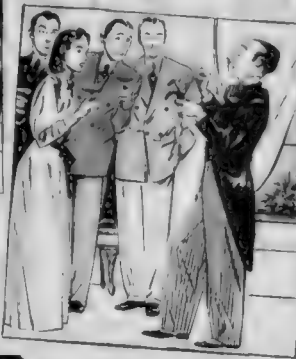
Awakened, as from a happy dream, by his hostess' horrified cry, he looked around, perceived Mr. Quattrociochi, getting out of there fast, and shouted a warning that someday Nick's peculiar humor was going to get him into trouble.

Nick allows as how this may be, but thinks that so far it's done him a lot of good. For, in his view, a touch of wackiness keeps a man from going completely wacky—a condition to which most nightclub operators constantly are being exposed.



His Guest Got a Heated Fork.

He Glorified a Banana Munching Mock Celebrity.



And Then He Got a Taste of His Own Medicine in a Gift of "High Explosives."

Meet Mr. Quattrociochi and Go Wacky



Feminine Guests Adding Lip-Prints to the Collection in Nick's "Kiss Room."

Moreover, the customers generally seem to enjoy it. Men and women, who, in the daytime, demand the most punctilious treatment, apparently love to be pushed around at night.

A little while ago, for instance, a banker, dining at Nick's club, had to make a telephone call. Returning to the table, he picked up a fork and then dropped it with a howl. In his absence, the fork had been heated. Oddly enough, the banker thought it was funny—after his fingers had cooled off.

At the opening of El Borracho, there was a big party for the press, which responded in droves to the prospect of free food and drink. When things had reached the horse-play and "Sweet Adeline" stage, Nick staggered the assemblage by stepping to the microphone and announcing: "Ladies and gentlemen, the management has decided that the next drink will be on the house."

Another time he invited a host of socialites to a cocktail party for Don Galeazzo Francisco Busby de Catona y Capodara, of Bombay and Sao Paula. Nobody knew who the gentle-

man was, but few could withstand the glamour of his name.

Producing the guest of honor with a flourish, Nick launched into a laudatory speech on his ancestry and accomplishments. The swarthy, handsome Don listened politely for a minute and then pulled a banana out of the pocket of his cutaway and fell to munching it.

Turned out he was a ham actor, whose services had been hired for that special occasion.

Nick's chief rival for the proud title of cafe society's favorite prankster is a fellow named Pepino. For a while the two worked together, especially at house parties where there were swimming pools around.

Nick has the rare talent of being able to submerge almost as long as a submarine. He would fall into the pool and fall to come up. When Pepino started yelling that a man was drowning, some elegantly dressed gentleman could always be counted on to plunge to the rescue.

The supposed victim would let himself be hauled ashore. Then he'd jump blithely back into the pool, leaving his valiant "rescuer" to face the merriment and

gibes of the guests as best he could withstand the glamour of his name.

Lately, following a cocktail party at Palm Beach last winter, there has been an estrangement between Nick and Pepino. They were joint hosts at the party, the latter adding the expected note of zaniness by appearing in a feminine garb, complete from wig to high heels. This had been agreed upon, but what happened next was in the script Pepino had seen

A posse of police crashed the door and arrested him, as a female impersonator who had refused to pay his debt. He knew at once that Nick had libeled the stunt, but it wasn't so easy to explain it to the gendarmes. In fact, they didn't get it straight until he'd spent a couple of hours in the clink.

It should not be thought, however, that Nick is always dishing it out. Sometimes—as for example on a peaceful Sunday a few months ago—he has to take it too.

He was awakened by a commotion in the street. There, right outside his door, was a truck, surrounded by a police motorcycle escort and bearing a huge crate labelled "Inflammable—Explosives."

The crate was for Nick, and he scrambled so much that it was several hours before he could get a nerve enough to start the unpacking. After working forth layer after layer of excelsior, his trembling fingers finally touched something hard.

It was a small box of matches, sent all the way from the Bimini Islands by his friend, Billy Leeds, the tip-plate heir who also apparently likes his jokes practical.



Nick Quattrociochi, Cafe Society Prankster, Poses Comically in the Surroundings He Likes Best.

"Here's how I feel about parties in wartime..."

Says Kate Smith

"I GUESS some people think wartime parties are a luxury we haven't any right to.

"But honestly, I think an occasional party in wartime is almost as important as salvaging tin cans.

"When a boy or girl in service is home for a few precious days... when there's a furlough

bride to wish happiness to... I just can't imagine not having a party!

But let's keep it simple!

"Let's have only things that are easy on the ration books and that will stay looking lovely until you're ready to serve them.

"These two recipes are just about 'party perfect.' Jell-O's richer flavor and lovely shimmering color are especially appealing in this heavenly Strawberry Devonshire Mold. Or if it's ice cream you're hankering for, serve this delicious Two-Toned Ice Cream—so easy to make with smooth Jell-O Pudding for the foundation! You'll love 'em both!"

Send for "Bright Spots for Wartime Meals"

Don't miss this grand new booklet full of wonderful, ration-wise ideas! For your copy, send 6¢ in stamps to General Foods, Dept. A.W.6-44, Battle Creek, Michigan. This offer, good only in the U.S.A., will expire December 31, 1944.

How to get your fair share. Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings go off your grocer's shelves awfully fast these days—and of course the supplies are limited by sugar rationing. But every effort is being made to distribute the supply fairly, and your grocer will try to see that you get your fair share, if you ask him. Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings are products of General Foods.



STRAWBERRY DEVONSHIRE MOLD

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
1½ cups hot water
3 tablespoons sugar
1 cup sliced strawberries
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
Dash of salt

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add sugar to berries and let stand 20 minutes. Drain well, reserving juice. Measure ¾ cup Jell-O and add 3 tablespoons juice; turn into 1-quart mold or loaf pan. Chill until firm.

Add 2 tablespoons juice (add water if necessary) to remaining Jell-O; chill until slightly thickened. Place in bowl of ice and water and beat with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Remove from ice water. Mash cream cheese in small bowl and add salt. Add a spoonful of whipped Jell-O and blend with beater. Place in ice water and stir in remaining whipped Jell-O gradually, blending well. Fold in strawberries. Pour over firm Jell-O in mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with strawberries and mint. Makes 6 servings.

What makes Jell-O taste better?

That exclusive "locked-in" goodness! There's no wartime let-down in Jell-O's superior quality and flavor!



STRAWBERRY RASPBERRY CHERRY ORANGE LEMON LIME

TWO-TONED ICE CREAM

1½ cups sliced strawberries
½ cup sugar
1 package Jell-O Vanilla Pudding
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2½ cups milk
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
1 egg white, unbeaten
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup light cream

Combine strawberries and ½ cup sugar, crush slightly, and let stand 20 minutes. Place pudding powder in saucepan. Add ¼ cup sugar and salt; mix. Add milk and egg yolk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil. Remove from heat. Beat egg white until stiff, but not dry; add 2 tablespoons sugar gradually, beating with rotary egg beater. Stir hot mixture gradually into egg white. Fold in cream. Reserve ½ of mixture. Add strawberries to remaining mixture, blend, and turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator, setting control for coldest freezing temperature. When strawberry layer is partly frozen, spread remaining pudding mixture over top. Freeze until firm. Freezing time: 3 to 4 hours. Makes 1½ quarts.

What makes Jell-O Pudding taste better?

Those richer, deeper, old-time flavors! Wartime has made no difference in the deliciousness of Jell-O Puddings.

CHOCOLATE VANILLA BUTTERSCOTCH



Public and Science at Odds Over Cross in Sky

Strange Vision Over Dover Strait
Preceded the Liberation of Rome,
But Physicists Call It only a
Wish-Fulfillment



of well-meaning people made plans for world peace. They fell through because too much attention was paid to things material and not nearly enough to things spiritual."

He didn't view the heavenly manifestation. But he has seen two others since the war, he said. Both happened when he was in Malta, the Mediterranean island that withstood heavy aerial bombardment from the Germans before the Allied march north.

The first, he related, was in May, 1942, after a day of terrific air raids. RAF fliers saw a vision of Christ on the cross in the sky and, a few hours later a squadron of Spitfires landed to turn the tide of battle. "Most of us thought," he said, "that the Spitfires were God's answer to us and that the vision was to herald their coming. We had a second vision, similar in almost in every detail, in September, 1943. Seven days later we heard that Italy had capitulated."

Visions in the sky go back to ancient times. Story has it that Constantine saw a cross when he invaded Italy to campaign against Maxentius. He was so strengthened by the sight that he went into battle with an inferior force and overwhelmed the enemy. He thereupon adopted the cross as the standard for his legions and issued decrees which outlawed some of the pagan customs and permitted the free and open worship of the Christian religion.

During the last war, soldiers at Mons were certain that ancient English archers brought victory when defeat was near. The Germans had the advantage, British infantrymen said, when the bowmen appeared and loosed their arrows on the enemy. The Germans retreated.

At the battle of the Somme, British troops vowed they saw a cross in the heavens. It happened at night, they said, after hours of overcast. Finally the moonlight broke through the clouds in the form of a perfect cross.

Scientists are skeptical about such happenings. They suggest that the vision of Ipswich might have been formed by particles of ice in the sky.

Dr. F. W. Edridge Green, an eye expert who is an adviser on vision and color to the Ministry of War Transport, put it this way: "The power of suggestion is terrific. If a person thinks he is going to see a vision, he will see it."

"A possible explanation of this particular affair is that the woman who first saw the vision may have seen something like a cross in the sky. The automatic connection in her mind between a cross and the figure of Christ would have led her to believe she had seen just such a picture."

But nobody can shake the faith of the people of Ipswich in the reality of what they beheld. They believe as firmly as the soldiers who fought at Mons and on the Somme.



The "Bowmen of Mons," Reported Seen by British Tommies, Loosing Their Spectral Arrows at the Germans Just Before Their Advance on Paris Was Stopped Early in the Last War. (From the Famous Painting by A. Forestier.)

For 15 Minutes the Ipswich Townsfolk Watched, Transfixed, as the Vision of the Cross Hung There in the Sky. And Upper Right—the Rev. Harold G. Green, Who Verified 2,000 Accounts of the Heavenly Manifestation.

SKEPTICS say it couldn't be. Scientists say it's wish fulfillment. Occultists call it optical illusion.

But hundreds of the townsfolk of Ipswich, in the east of England just above the Strait of Dover, testify they saw a vision in the sky of Christ on the Cross—they're quite certain about it—when they were hurrying to air raid shelters after an alert just before twilight not long ago.

The phenomenon was as real to them as the cross seen by the Roman Emperor Constantine in 311 A. D., by reason of which Christianity was established as the national religion—as plainly visible as the spectral English

bowmen who, according to soldier witnesses, stood between British troops and advancing Germans at Mons in 1914.

Scores upon scores of men and women declare without reservation that they saw the image.

The Rev. Harold G. Green, 61-year-old vicar of the ancient Church of St. Nicholas at Ipswich, was so impressed by the stories that came to his ears that he made a personal investigation. Within four days he had a list of 2,000 individuals who beheld the spectacle—housewives, gardeners, truck drivers, sailors.

Mrs. Hilda Day, wife of an airman described it this way: "I could see clearly the figure of Christ. His head was drooping and his feet were crossed. I could distinguish the nails."

Said William Garnham, an engineer: "I saw the sign of the cross actually start to form. There was no mistake in either

the shape of the crucifix or in the figure nailed to it."

Bertie Robertson, a gardener, said the cross materialized first, then the body.

Mrs. Dora Chittock saw it like this: "I went into the garden. Something strange in the sky attracted my attention and rooted me to the spot. I saw a cross clearly. The scene of the Crucifixion was clear in every detail."

The Rev. Mr. Green was not satisfied simply with telephone calls and letters from persons who had contemplated the miracle. He traveled all through Ipswich and towns in Suffolk County, talking to people in widely separated sections. With singular sameness, they agreed upon details of the phenomenon.

Dozens of villagers went to their local police stations, insisting upon making affidavit concerning what they saw. A colonel of marines, a captain of a submarine who was on shore leave and other officers in the armed services testified to the authenticity of the figure in the sky.

The minister considered the sign as a promise and a warning.

"It is a call to people," he said, "to see that the mistakes of the pre-war years are not repeated. During the years between the wars all kinds



The Apparition of the Cross That Appeared to Emperor Constantine in 311 A. D., While on His Way to Defeat an Overwhelmingly Superior Force Under the Rebellious Maxentius.



Victory pace

by Fisher

The Army-Navy "I" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four more, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

GREAT masses of heavy armament are now helping to write the prologue to victory.

Fisher Body has produced its share of this armament—tanks, anti-aircraft guns, gun-breech housings, fighting planes, bombers and delicate flying instruments.

To do this we had to disregard the normal limits of our business, and build products entirely new to us.

We had to explore technical fields foreign to us. We had to enlarge our plant facilities.

Looking back on those hectic days and nights of conversion, we realize that an understanding of true craftsmanship proved to be, literally, a lifesaver. Precision work on armament came easily to precision workmen. Long-acquired skills and crafts met demands for the most extreme accuracy.

And an important reason why Fisher Body has yet to fail at a war job is because craftsmanship has never yet failed us.

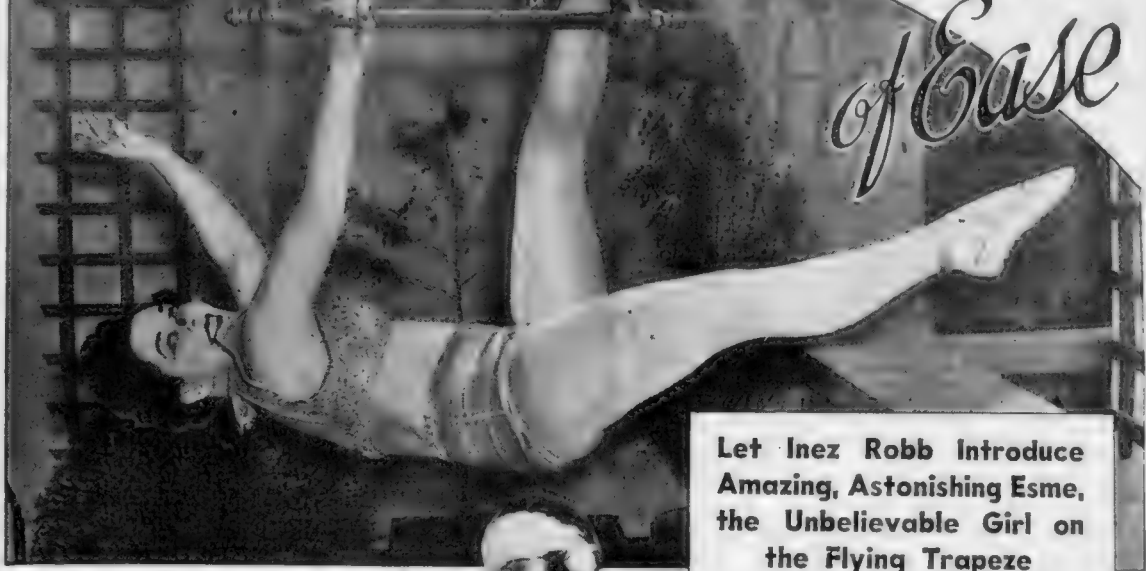
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GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
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She Flies Through Careers with the Greatest of Ease



**Let Inez Robb Introduce
Amazing, Astonishing Esme,
the Unbelievable Girl on
the Flying Trapeze**

"Esme of Paris"—World-Famous Trapeze Artist, Ballerina, Newspaper Reporter, Snake Charmer, Novelist and Perfumer, Began Her Aerial Career at the Age of Five and Still Practices Daily on the Roof of Her New York Penthouse.

By INEZ ROBB

A REPORTER'S lot is a happy one because in the course of his duties he picks up so much random information that makes for a richer life.

For example, until I met Esme Davis Matz recently, I never knew what to do with customs officials. They can take so long, and it's so hard to persuade them that diamonds are just some old stuff from the five-and-dime, or else just cop a plea.

"Why, my dear, just wear a snake around your neck, and you'll never have trouble going through customs," Mrs. Matz declared. "It never fails."

"I did for years," she continued. "You have no idea how simple it is. Whenever the customs official gets to that point in the luggage where you are tired of waiting, open up your coat and let the snake wiggle."

"My dear, that customs man will close your baggage in nothing flat. And you'll be off the pier in ten minutes."

And there is the Voice of Experience speaking, for Esme Davis Matz, as "Esme of Paris," circus and ballet star of Europe, South America, Africa and the Orient, has crossed more frontiers and induced nervous breakdowns in more customs officials than even she can remember.

Let's begin at the beginning thirty-eight years ago. Esme was born into a family that presented a continuous international road company of "You Can't Take It With You."

First, there was grand mama, Lolita Bazil de Delgado, who was an internationally famous flamenco dancer and snake charmer, a topnotcher in her field.

The old lady was quite a character, between her snakes, her long black cigars, her "second sight," and her exotic circus or music hall act known as "A Night in India."

Esme's mama was quite a chat acter, too. She was Maria de Lisle, beautiful opera singer.

Esme was born in Wheeling Junction, W. Va., while her mother was paying a duty call on grandmama,



Snakes Have Been Esme's Good Luck Symbol Since Her Ballet Dancing Days.

who was there because it was the assembly point for acts going on the reasonable tour with the Salt-Floto Circus.

So Esme was practically born in a circus, and life ever since has been a five-ring show for her. She was a featured ballerina with both the Pavlova and Diaghilev troupes in her teens after a fall in the old Olympia in London at 11 feet seemed to end her career on the flying trapeze.

At 17, she again fell, presented

her own ballet troupe in Buenos Aires.

But when she got back to London,

continually in financial hot water (by the way, snakes are handy if you have jewels, too. Mama never carried insurance on hers because grandmama always put three of her favorite snakes in a box under the bed with mama's sparklers.)

Well, to get away from the snakes and back to Esme: Once, when the family was broke in Russia, Esme was apprenticed at the age of eight to the "Orgainsky Wonder Children" and two years later was a child wonder on the flying trapeze.

Esme had three years of study at the Nijinsky ballet school in Moscow before she became a wonder star.

This ballet training proved a life saver when she fell at the Olympia, smashing her left arm and shoulder and shattering her legs. Eighteen months later she went back to ballet because the circus seemed to be forever out of her life.

After ten years in ballet, she combined her old circus training and her dancing. As "Esme of Paris" she was a star of music halls and circuses in world capitals.

Paris was her headquarters and, once, for 39 months, she covered the woman's night courts for Paris. Eventually she wrote her first book in French, called "High Heels."

For many years, home to Esme was anywhere she hung her legs. It still is, and today she is dipping them figuratively over New York's skyline. They, with Esme, usually swing over the rooftops with the greatest of ease on the bars of a flying trapeze atop her penthouse at 62nd St., just off Fifth Avenue.

Residents in apartments and hotels nearby line the windows to watch Esme and her husband, Robert Matz, who is a reformed acrobat. The show is especially good on Sunday.

"But the show is for free," Esme says with a rueful grin.

Because this energetic woman, who speaks seven languages, has started another new career. After one spent too many years flying trapezes, the Matzes retired from the circus and began manufacture of perfume.

Since one career is never enough for this untiring woman, she has just written her second book, this one in English. It's her autobiography, containing detailed information about snakes and the valuable uses to which they can be put in civilian life.

her Spanish mother and grandmother were so furious that they married her off to a hard some Guardsman, who eventually had her presented at Court.

But he never could make a lady out of me. It took the heart out of both of us," she said.

Even Hollywood has never hit upon a subject quite as fascinating and slightly more factual life of Esme, who has opened a night club in Buenos Aires, managed a troupe of circus acts on a South American tour, helped train loop ards, helped grandmama with her snakes, and maneuvered mama out of her many jams.

With a grandmother who went in for snakes and a mother who went in for sables, Esme needed the facile mind, vivacity, extraordinary vitality, good looks and quick intelligence with which she fortunately is endowed.

No matter how much money grand mama coined with "A Night in India" or mama made with her gorgesque and acclaimed voice, the family was

By COL. H. EDWIN MOOTZ
Oklahoma Boomer, Pioneer Editor,
Indian Scout and Deputy U. S. Marshal

At that time, I was only a young sprout, hanging out in the border settlement of Caldwell, when Capt. Jack Crawford came through there, trying to pick up the trail of a fellow named Hugh Carver, an Englishman of high class, and who did some cow punching and prospecting in the territory, married the daughter of an Indian chief, and



though, for a long time, from suffering and privation. When his memory finally came back to him, he found himself up on a ledge above the crevice where the trunk was hidden, carving a big, weird face, then a body, in the rock.

According to his letter, the face was partly completed before he realized what he was doing. It was a curious-looking thing, had human features, but was not a human face, and partly the result of his feverish delirium.

But Bill wasn't a fellow to give up. He tracked her day and night. He realized that she knew her father was a white man and therefore would like to be around her father's kind. So he

The next day we lugged holes for the dynamite into the body of the Image. Another big



... we packed into the
of the base. By noon we had the
fuses all set, but we were still
when White Lion let out a warning shout

White Pawn's guardian, and he put her in a school in Wichita. She grew into a beautiful young woman.

After that, she joined Bobo and the boys' school, became known as Jean Gordon.

But the boys' school didn't last. The boys' school was shut down, and the four of them went to the next school, a white man's school. Jean's guardian was a white man, and he died.

Just as the school was about to close, White Pawn's guardian was told to find out if Jean had the gift that cursed the boys' school.

Next week Colonel Mootz will tell you intimate, dramatic incidents that marked the land rush of 1889 that was the foundation for an empire in the Southwest.

Are You Writing A Recipe For Reno?

By JUDITH CHASE
Well-Known Quiz Expert

THIS is a quiz for married couples to take together.

Marriage is an ideal or an ordeal, often depending upon give and take—on who's the giving and who takes how much. Sometimes it's divided into three classes: 1. The companionate and tight-to-the-finish.

How about you? Are you battling to the end, shopping for reservations in Reno, or are you giving on the up-and-up?

Answer the questions below.

Then add up your yes answers and find your score in the lower right-hand corner of this page. It will give you your marriage index.

1—If you're marooned on an island, would you rather have your workshop than your wife? When you're admonished that you're your spouse for better or for worse, do you add: "But she's so much worse than I took her to be?"

2—When you're asked if you're satisfied with married life, do you hear and whisper: "Sure I'm satisfied. I've had all I want of it?"

3—Do you envy single friends because they can go on dates and vacations when they come in? Do you feel yourselves mimicking other's eccentricities, or do you run down each other's proposals?

4—Are your favorite jokes ones that burlesque marriage?

5—Have you given up trying to reason with each other long ago, because "reasoning with nitwits is a waste of time?"

6—Do you belong to clubs, lodges and committees so you'll have "outside interests" to escape "quiet evenings at home?"

Do You Share Responsibility For Sonny Boy When He's Discovered on a House-Wrecking Rampage, Or Do You Charge It All to Your Spouse With a: "It's Your Child?"

9—Do you find when you're dining together at a restaurant you sit glumly staring at each other after you're all talked out by deciphering the French on the menu and criticizing folks at the next table?

10—Do you have matrimonial marathons with each trying to be first and loudest to air grudges, unload troubles and blow off steam on the tough day you've experienced?

11—Do you feel that marriage has changed you both for the worse and you're now stodgy, settled and stuffy?

12—Do you gloat over each other's boners with "So you WOULD have your own way?"—"I TOLD you so?" or "If you'd only taken MY advice?"

13—Do you make your friends listen to your marital gripes, criticisms of your spouse, and financial frustrations?

14—Are you guilty of expressing such matrimonial danger signals as "You can't get away with THAT?" "Don't try to put one over on ME?" "Just who do you think YOU are?"

15—Do you hold long competitions—trying to outstrip each other in harsh criticism of his family? Whenever you spend



Don't Use Your Wedding Certificate as a Warrant to Search Your Mate's Private Hiding Places.

or "YOUR child?" 24—Instead of spending the evening at home together, would you rather take in a movie, even though it's only a Grade B tear-jerker? 25—Do you click conversationally only when it's to shoot off steam on the people you dislike, gripe about the food or beef about your boisterous neighbors? 26—Do you feel that marriage gives you license to search your spouse's letters, pockets and

private hiding places? 27—Do you postpone household chores until your spouse comes home, because "It will give you something interesting to do?" 28—When you dine out, do you find that your hostess seats you as far apart as possible to avoid family flare-ups and feuds? 29—Do you come home at 3 A. M. night after night just because it's the only place open at that hour? 30—Do you encourage each other to go out on dates because "We see so much of each other and the change will pep you up?" 31—Do you believe in taking separate vacations because you think it makes a happier marriage? 32—Do you fill up the house with parrots, pooches and pets because "They're such good company" even if your spouse isn't? 33—Do you wisecrack and groan loudly when you find you're seated next to each other at dinner, or have drawn each other as bridge partners? 34—When you're walking, do you stalk 40 feet apart as though one were shadowing the other? 35—Do you feel that your marriage would be much happier if you had a five-figure income, or the mink coat you saw in the window?

HERE'S HOW YOU RATE
If Your Score is Between:
33 and 25—Your marriage is 100% ordeal, 0% ideal.
25 and 15—There's hope for you still—but not much.
15 and 5—Just passing.
5 and 0—Nothing will split you up except a triangle.

It Isn't Advisable to Fill the House With Pets Because They're "Good Company"—Even If Your Marriage Partner Isn't.



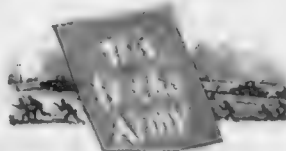
THESE are the days!

... the days to make certain YOU are armed with

VICTORY VITAMIN C

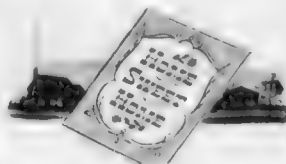


Even in the tangled wilds of remotest Asia, where secret roads creep closer every day to Tokio, our men must be armed with vitamin C. And so ... among those rations, jungle knives and rifles parachuted from the skies, are cans of Florida grapefruit juice—rich sources of vitamin C that never fail.



These are the days when all America must be tuned to the Attack!

• Not just our country's fighting forces, but every man at a machine—every farmer raising Victory crops—every housewife conserving vital food—every youngster collecting waste paper and metal—is part of our country's front line. These are the days when you—and all America—must be armed with vitamin C.



There is one of our country's favorite foods—Florida grapefruit juice—so extra rich in vitamin C that Uncle Sam sends millions of cans to our fighting men overseas. And to help fortify you on the home front with red-blooded health against weakness, infections and colds—Uncle Sam has made sure that sufficient remains to provide a supply for you.

So today, and every marketing day, put Florida canned grapefruit juice on your marketing list—at the very top of your marketing list—where grapefruit juice and vitamin C and red-blooded health belong!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION • Labeled Florida



IT'S THE
COMMANDO FRUIT!

Rich in Vitamin C that Commandos get every day!

FIGHT Colds! FIGHT Fatigue! FIGHT Weakness!
FIGHT Infections! FIGHT Absenteeism!

2 OTHER DELICIOUS JUICES
—RICH IN VITAMIN C

Although Uncle Sam has set aside all of the canned grapefruit sections, and most of the canned

orange juice, blended juice, and concentrates for the armed forces—some orange juice and blended juice is available for civilians. Both are juices rich in vitamin C.



Canned



FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

RICH IN VICTORY VITAMIN C

The CASE of the CAP of GOLD

For Better Or Worse the Young Detective Finally Had Found His Quarry—The Cap-of-Gold, Queen of All the Paris Apaches.

By THEODORE ROSCOE

PARIS on the night of Nov. 2, 1908, was enjoying one of those drizzles which dull the street lamps and send most of its good citizens to bed.

In Montmartre, where some of the citizens aren't so good, a gendarme, rounding the corner into the Rue de Lappe, was halted by something hanging from a lamppost. Examination showed it was the body of an officer of the Surete Generale.

Sub-Inspector Andre Gaillard, Horrified, the gendarme shrilled his whistle.

In no time the street was crowded by agents of the Surete, France's Scotland Yard. M. Dumollard, inspector in charge of the district, swore to avenge his colleague's murder. Gaillard had, only the month before, been transferred to Paris from Marseille, and Dumollard immediately consulted the Marseille office on the dead man's record.

"I thought so!" he reported to Octave Hamard, chief of the Paris Surete. "It was Gaillard, last summer, who arrested that Marseille Apache known as Le Poire, and sent him to Devil's Island. The Apaches threatened to get even at the time."

An autopsy showed that Gaillard had been strangled, probably in some cellar, then hanged on the lamp.

Le Poire (the name means "Bear-Face" or "Klug") was a stranger in the Paris underworld. But, found in police files, a photograph bearing resemblance to the criminal sent the police to Montmartre in search of Le Poire's brother.

Gendarmes ranged the area. The fugitive was driven up to a garret. Surete agents settled Le Poire's brother with gunfire.

This did not settle the Apaches. Their reprisal was immediate—Paris, that winter of 1908, was swamped by an unprecedented crime wave.

Brigandage became a daily occurrence. Crimes were committed brazenly. And as raids and dragnets failed to trap the culprit, it became apparent to the police that the Paris underworld was being run by some sort of Master Mind.

Typical of Apache cunning was the few robbery which sent detectives rushing to the top floor suite of a fashionable midtown hotel. An iron strongbox, the size of a cigar box, containing rubies and a \$25,000 string

of pearls, had been stolen from a woman's dressing table.

The guest had gone out for the evening, locking the only door. Windows were fastened on the inside. A watchman was in the corridor. No one could have entered or left the suite unseen. Yet the strongbox was gone.

The detectives could find no fingerprints. The door hadn't been forced. The grating of a ventilator in the ceiling was locked from the underside and had not been opened.

What made this case a headache was that others had happened before under similar circumstances.

A young police agent, Lepoutre, new on the force, talked next day with the hotel proprietor, who said three workmen, the afternoon before the robbery, repaired the hotel roof.

A trip across the mansards brought the policeman to the ventilator shaft which looked 20 feet down into the burglarized suite. Obviously, the foot-square shaft was too narrow for even the smallest person. But the detective, peering down, saw things his older colleagues failed to notice.

The workmen had quit their jobs the day after the robbery, and they had given their employer a spurious address. In the Apache quarter! Then the pearls turned up in a pawnshop in a Paris suburb, sold to the dealer by a beautiful blonde who identified herself as a baroness.

It was whispered on the boulevards that the Master Mind behind the robbery was a beautiful blonde, named for her hair—Casque d'Or—Cap-of-Gold. But raids and line-ups failed to produce the much-wanted suspect.

Young Lepoutre, vowing to capture the Apache Queen within a month or resign, obtained a 30-day leave to work among the Apaches.

Presently there arrived in a certain underground rendezvous on the Rue Garconniere, a tough-eyed swarmer with slanted cap and throat scarf, as villainous as any of them. "Dubois le Diable," he gave his name. "Just out of the kitchen after 10 years. Death to the Cows!"

Word went round that this tribesman was back, and the fraternity gathered to squint him over.

Lepoutre played the part perfectly. Soon he was welcomed back as a cut-throat in good standing.

Arrested in several police hauls, he invariably escaped. Le Diable was a fine addition to the clan.

"Our leader wants to meet you," he was told one night. An escort conducted him with much secrecy to an underground festival.

Lepoutre stared enchanted at the girl who entered with her bodyguard. Her blond hair foamed about her shoulders to frame a Mona Lisa smile. She was crowned like a Schiaparelli model—this lady appeared to be royalty indeed.

"Ah! Le Diable," she regarded him coldly. "I have heard much of you since your return. You have grown since I knew you as the kid across the way in Rue Pere Maillot. Tell me, Diable, do you remember me?"

"Certainly I remember you." He

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

bowed insolently. "Do you dance?" They danced.

"You are good," the blonde told him coolly. "But I think you lie. You do not really remember me as the little girl across the street."

"Ha!" he laughed. "How could I ever forget your golden curls?"

It was the beginning of an underworld romance as fierce as lion courting tiger. Le Diable became Cap-of-Gold's favorite dancing partner.

His ardor melted her queenly reserve. Came an evening when she revealed all the secrets, guiding him through a subterranean realm of stores, crime schools and arsenals the police never dreamed existed.

And then he was stunned, for Cap-of-Gold was offering him half of this dark kingdom, inviting him to rule with her in joint leadership of the Apaches. He suggested a midnight drive to a secluded little bistro where they could dance and talk.

They were half way across the city, when Diable took the queen by the hands, gently.

"I am sorry," he said sadly. "My name is not Le Diable, but Surete Agent Lepoutre."

She heard an icy little click—her wrists wore bracelets of steel. Presently, he took her to the Police House, one month to the day after obtaining his leave.

The hotel robbery, as well as other crimes, was cleared up. The Apache workmen on the roof could see the iron jewel box on the dressing table through the ventilator. All they used was a string and a powerful magnet to pull it up.

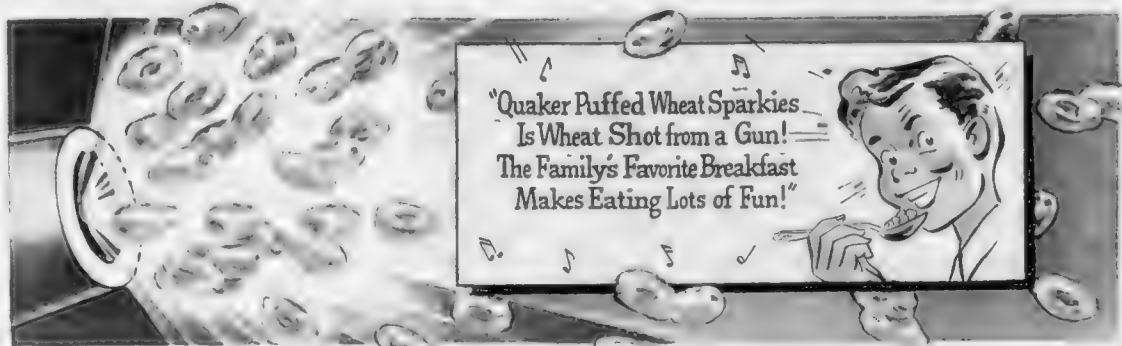
For his haul Lepoutre was made Surete Chief in Marseille.

Cap-of-Gold died in prison not long after her confinement. Some say of a broken heart. So deeply in love was she with Lepoutre that she could not have him killed although she knew all the time that he was not an Apache.

*Here Comes Quaker
with a Bang Bang!*

WHEAT SHOT FROM GUNS

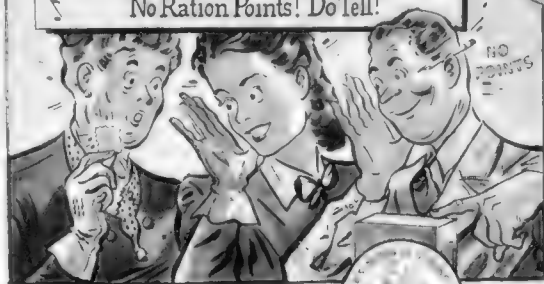
IS BREAKFAST GRAIN AS CRISP AND TASTY AS NUTS IN NOVEMBER!



"Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies
Is Wheat Shot from a Gun!
The Family's Favorite Breakfast
Makes Eating Lots of Fun!"



"Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies
No Ration Points! Do Tell!"



"The Easy Step to Extra Pep
And Boy the Taste is Swell!"



**HAVE TASTIER SUMMER MEALS
BY SERVING THESE
GLORIFIED GRAINS MORE OFTEN!**

MOTHER, these big wholesome grains of WHEAT SHOT FROM GUNS are a blessing in meal planning these days! Yes, these king-size kernels fit into any meal of the day, in a dozen delicious no-pot, low-pot combinations. So sweet, fresh and now eating 100,000,000 servings a year there is more than a VIT-A-MIN!

THEY'RE GRAND with berries or other fruit, fresh or stewed. Try 'em with honey, brown sugar, syrup, or fruit preserves. Wonderful with a fruit whip. And, of course, always serve milk!

TWO VITAMINS AND IRON! Yes, this delicious grain SHOT FROM GUNS is fortified with Vitamins B1, B2, B6, and Iron in natural grain amounts. It's a "Basic 7" food. And makes good eating!



**QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT SPARKIES
PUFFED RICE SPARKIES**

Axis Ack-Ack Foiled by Foil

Their Radar Eyes Are Electrically
Blinded by Showers of Xmas Tree
Icicles Dropped by Allied Airmen

MILLIONS of shiny, noiseless weapons—as effective in their silent way as any shrieking bomb—are fluttering down over Germany and all Nazi-occupied countries every day and might now on a mission all their own.

They are tiny "icicles" that look very much like the tin and lead foil Christmas tree decorations you've seen using for years. No one would suspect these 10-inch metal shreds of being deadly, and actually they aren't. Their sole purpose as they float through the air is to save lives of Allied airmen and help bombers and fighter planes reach their objectives without mishap.

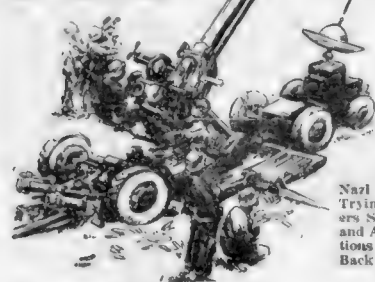
They look like a tangle for a lot of water, but they do what experts, befuddled by any anti-aircraft gunners who depend on the still less mysterious radar to auto-

matically pick out individual planes as targets and cripple them, if not bring them down.

Although details of this miracle device of radio and electronics—used both by our own forces and by the enemy—still are kept closely guarded, it is generally known that radar-operated guns locate their invisible target by detecting radio signals reflected from it.

The radar, itself, sends these signals skyward through a reasonably wide arc. As a bomber or fighter plane speeding overhead intercepts the radio waves, it causes them to bounce right back to their source with a telltale report of the plane's exact location at the instant that it crossed the signal beam.

Then, by a complicated bit of mathematics, the robot firing mechanism on the ground figures out just where the fliers will be a second or two later—in time to collide with a shell which it fires.



Nazi Anti-Aircraft Radar Signals Trying to Detect Invisible Bombers Strike the Falling Metal Foil and Are Shunted Off in All Directions Before Being Reflected Back in a State of Utter Confusion to the Ground.



Aluminum Foil (Left). Only Eight Ten-Thousandths of an Inch Thick, Is Turned Out in Huge Rolls Before It's Cut Into the Life-Saving Strips.

Here's where these new paper-thin metallic icicles come in as life-saving devices.

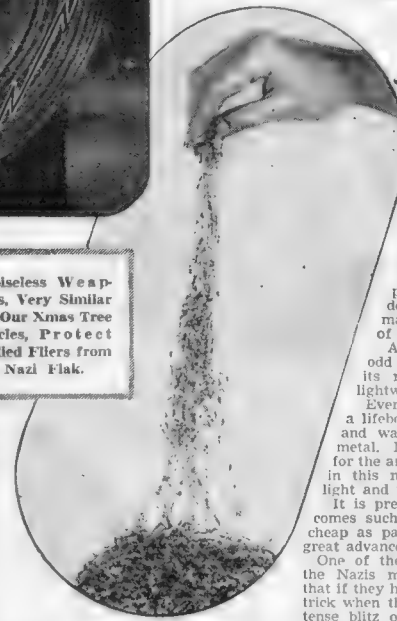
When enemy flak gets too close to a Flying Fortress, Liberator or Thunderbolt for comfort, one of the crew releases a few bundles of

aluminum foil strips through a special tube. A back-draught of air strikes the packages, breaks them open and streams of silvery chaff float out to form a protective metallic mirror.

The robot gunfire below is stymied, because the aluminum icicles reflect radar-emitted waves, too.

Once the foil has been set free not one, but perhaps thousands, of jumbled electronic messages come back to the waiting anti-aircraft gun. They come from many directions, away from the target the gunners look for.

Noiseless Weapons, Very Similar to Our Xmas Tree Icicles, Protect Allied Fliers from Nazi Flak.



If shells are fired in the resulting confusion they're likely to go wide of the mark, for there is no way of telling which report is sent down from the passing aircraft and which from the innumerable metallic hoaxes riding high in the air.

To further perplex the enemy the deceptive aluminum cloud lingers overhead for some time, since the foil strips—which are only eight ten-thousandths of an inch thick—are so light that it takes them two hours to fall to the ground from a height of 30,000 feet.

Their lightness has other advantages, too. Nine containers, each carrying 2,000 of these strips, weigh only one pound. A bomber on a typi-

cal mission usually is supplied with at least 100 of these containers.

Although only recently announced—after the Germans had solved the puzzle of the anti-radar trick—the RAF dropped foil strips in Germany during the holiday season while carrying out their extensive bombing raids on Nazi factories.

Hollow-eyed Nazi boys and girls gathered the shining material for their Christmas celebrations, little realizing they were picking up instruments of defeat for their country.

But the early icicles were unsatisfactory because they bunched into great clumps as they fell.

Military men knew they were a step in the right direction, however, and further research carried out at the Harvard Radio Research Laboratories determined the proper thickness.

These men also settled the problem of bunching by laminating the metal to thin paper backing.

Now hundreds of girls and women at the Reynolds Metals Company, working in eight-hour shifts, 24 hours a day, are turning out aluminum chaff for the invasion needs. Among them are many workers who have a special pilot, navigator, bombardier or gunner in mind when they help prepare the quiet little defense weapons that may save his life and those of his buddies.

Aluminum does many odd jobs in this war besides its major task of making lightweight airplane parts.

Every Bible that goes into a lifeboat at sea is sealed, aly and water tight, in a foil of metal. Many wartime materials for the armed forces are wrapped in this material which is heat, light and water resistant.

It is predicted that when peace comes such wrappings may be as cheap as paper, which would be a great advance in packaging.

One of the hard-to-take facts for the Nazis must be the knowledge that if they had known the anti-radar trick when they carried out their intense blitz on England, they might have won the war at that point. Military experts point out that Great Britain had only 200 Spitfires and 500 radar sets at that time. Disabling the anti-aircraft guns by use of the icicles-of-confusion would have left a pretty clear field to the enemy.

For us it's a might-have-been that won't happen now, with our present air superiority and the fact that the Allied Forces are working their way into Fortress Europe and carrying out tremendous and continued sorties of offensive flying over Nazi ground.

The aluminum protective screen may not be as spectacular as giant gliders that disgorge tanks onto enemy soil, such as those since the invasion of France, but their use is an important step toward victory.



"She insisted on a June wedding."

SMILE AWHILE



Look, McGonigle, I have a suggestion."



"How do you expect our army to win if production keeps falling off?"



"Hello, good looking, who's cooking?"



"The picture is just like the book, only it happened in Iceland instead of the South Seas, and the hero was an Eskimo instead of a rich prince, and..."



"..... and that's final!"

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3 WAYS!**

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Sunbrite is your ally in the War on Waste. Works fast, safely, helps get cleaning jobs done in whiz time... doesn't wear out precious aluminum and porcelain. Sunbrite saves soap, costs little. Ask for the cheery blue and yellow Sunbrite can today!

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SAFE DRYCLEANING BRILL

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Save expense and cleaning delays. Simply place Brush Spot Remover on the stain. A few rubs... and presto the spot is gone. Ideal for spotting dress suits, uniforms, coats, hats, ties, rugs, carpets and upholstery. At 5 and 10¢ drug stores. 3¢ per quart. 5¢ per gallon. SAFEWAY CHEMICAL CO. 607 LEXINGTON AVE., CLEVELAND, OHIO



By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

EVERY jar of garden-fresh fruits or vegetables you put up at home this year will do double duty. It will help your family to keep well fed next winter. And it will help the nation by easing the load on transportation and commercial food supplies. Your goal, say Uncle Sam's nutritionists, is to fill jars with food value and flavor, and keep food safe and sound.

But a victory on the home canning front is won only by housekeepers who understand the ruthless nature of the enemies—yeasts, moulds, bacteria—that sneak into jars of food and cause spoilage. Usually they go into the jars on the food, as decayed spots and crevices, broken places in the skin of fruits and vegetables. Sometimes they float in the air and steal a ride on a spoon or a dirty dish cloth.

The Enemies

THE soil of the earth, and fruits and vegetables which are stale, or over-ripe, or bruised or broken or dirty, or decayed, serve as headquarters for these yeasts and bacteria. This is why sound, strictly fresh, home-grown produce must be chosen for canning.

Bacteria, the hardest to kill of the enemy group, multiply rapidly in vegetables, such as corn, peas, lima and other shelled beans. They are hard to kill once they are established, because the vegetables contain no natural acid to help make it easier for the heat to destroy the bacteria.

Must Be Fresh

SPECIALISTS declare that unless vegetables (with the possible exception of tomatoes) grow in your own garden, or can be bought from a grower who will gather them early in the morning of the day they are to be canned, forget about canning them. Vegetables that have had a night out of the garden are in no fit condition for canning.

And, these same experts declare, you can't expect good results unless the vegetables are right for canning. They are right

Follow the
Rules and
Work Quickly
for Good
Results.

when they are at the most perfect state of maturity for cooking.

Wash Carefully

EVERY vegetable should be washed clean before its skin is broken. Washing away dust and earth also washes away bacteria, yeasts and moulds—the spoilers. Wash all peas and beans which are to be shelled, before hulling and again afterwards. Green beans and okra require special attention because the short, thick nap of fuzz on them holds dust. The blossom end of okra may hold both dust and insects. Be sure okra is clean.

Work Fast

EVERY minute wasted between the steps of preparing, packing and processing is a minute in which bacteria grow stronger. This is particularly true of the bacteria which cause the flat-souring of food. Such food may look good but tastes bad and often smells that way. Flat-sour can and does begin before processing if the vegetables are stale or over-ripe, or left standing two or three hours in a hot kitchen, or if the food is not cleaned, prepared, packed and processed right.

Use Good Jars

USE jars made for home canning purposes. Examine every jar, cap, lid and rubber before using. These are inspected before they leave the factory but many things can happen to them before (and after)

they reach the home kitchen. Follow the manufacturer's instructions.

Use Pressure Canner

WHEN possible, use a steam pressure cooker for processing all vegetables, except tomatoes, and even use it for tomatoes if you like. But the use of this cooker will not guarantee success unless it is in good condition and operated correctly.

If you have no steam pressure canner, team with someone who has. Or go to a community food preservation center. If you cannot have the use of a pressure canner, vegetables may be processed by boiling in a water-bath canner. The vegetables will keep if all rules are followed. And they will be safe to eat when the jars are opened, if they are boiled for 15 minutes before they are tasted.

Other Methods

OR consider other ways to preserve some foods: Drying corn, for example, and okra, and full-grown lima beans. Brining purple-top fall turnips, snap beans, cabbage. Pickling green tomatoes, cucumbers. Quick-freezing foods, if you can get freezer-locker space. Storing squash, pumpkins, late celery, cabbage, root vegetables in cellar, mound, or pit. Consider all of these and use the most practical for your home.

Send for These

Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables. Send a post card to Home Canning, Washington 25, D.C. for AWI-93. This contains complete information on all fruits and vegetables. It is free.

Other publications on food preservation available from the United States Department of Agriculture, Wash., D. C. are—

Take Care of Pressure Canners. AWI-65.

Oven Drying—One Way to Save Victory Garden Surplus. AWI-59.

How to Prepare Vegetables and Fruits for Freezing. AWI-100.

Home-made Jellies, Jams, and Preserves. 1830F.

Preservation of Vegetables by Salting and Brining. 1932F.

Home Storage of Vegetables and Fruits. 1939F.

Warning

NEVER taste canned vegetables, regardless of how processed, until they have been boiled fifteen minutes. There is one type of bacterium which may get into the jar and cause a spoilage which is odorless and tasteless, and is dangerous. The poison caused by these bacteria is destroyed in fifteen minutes of boiling. This boiling doesn't necessarily destroy the bacteria that cause the toxin; so left-over canned vegetables should be re-boiled before serving. These warnings apply to all home canned vegetables.

On Guard

HEED signs. Before opening a jar, inspect it. A bulging lid or rubber ring, gas bubbles, leakage of liquid, or signs of spoiled food. When you open a jar look for other signs—spurring liquid, an "off" odor.

Corn, peas, snap beans, and tomatoes are subject to "flat-sour" spoilage when not properly processed or properly cooled after processing. Or if stored in too warm a place, jars spoil.

Safety first. Never taste any canned food you suspect. Discard it; burn it; carefully sterilize the jars.

SOME CANNING DON'TS

- Don't can wilted, over-ripe or partly spoiled food. It won't keep.
- Don't prepare more than your canner will hold. Food spoils if it stands around.
- Don't pack too tight, especially corn and greens. Tightly packed jars heat through too slowly.
- Don't lose track of time; follow timetables to the minute for successful canning.
- Don't stand hot jars on their heads. You may break the seal.
- Don't place hot jars on a cold surface or in a draft.

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are more than just clean...
they are *Sanitary...safer!*

WHY TAKE CHANCES!

"When it's
CLOROX-CLEAN
it's hygienically
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EVEN AFTER you've washed your dishes, dishcloth, drain-board and other kitchen "danger zones", they may still harbor invisible germ dangers, a menace to family health. That's why sanitation in the kitchen is important...for added health protection. Clorox easily provides sanitation...not only in kitchen and bathroom, but in laundering, too. Clorox disinfects, also deodorizes, removes

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AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

CLOROX
FREE FROM CAUSTIC

Disinfects
DEODORIZES
REMOVES STAINS

ADVERTISEMENT

For Summer Meals

TIRE D of the same old salad dressing and the same old salad? Try one of these for piquant flavor and that extra nice touch to luncheon or dinner.

Virginia Dressing

A FAMOUS grower of watercress calls this his favorite dressing.
3/4 pint Mayonnaise
3/4 pint Chili Sauce
1/2 teaspoon Worcester-shire Sauce
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Salt and pepper
1 1/4 cups finely minced watercress leaves
Wash the cress and mince the leaves; fold in last to the rest of the ingredients which have been chilled before mixing. Delicious, and enough for chicken and vegetable salad for eight; or as garnish for cold meat or fish for twice that number

Catchup Dressing

2 cups French Dressing
1/2 cup Catchup
1 hard-boiled egg
Salt and pepper
AI Sauce, few drops
1/2 cup finely chopped watercress
Wash the cress and mince

it fine; chop the egg, mix all ingredients and serve on cold meat, or fish, chicken or potato salad; or on mixed raw vegetable salad; or with a salad of seasoned cottage cheese, raw cauliflower, cucumber and cold tongue.

Sardine Sandwich

4 sardines
2 sweet pickles
2 olives
4 stalks watercress
Lemon juice
Horseradish
Mash the boneless sardines, chop the pickles fine, chop the olives and cress and combine all with a few drops of lemon juice and a very little horseradish to make it spread smoothly. Enough for two large sandwiches; four small ones.

Budget Your Sugar

Uncle Sam says there is a big crop of apples and grapes on the way. Save some of your sugar for jellies, pickling, butters. And you'll need sugar for tomato preserves and spiced late fruits, so important in winter menus.

BACK RECIPES FOR

"Keep Cool" Dinner Recipes
"Keep Cool" Iced Drinks...
10 Recipes for Successful Picnics
15 Favorite Bread and Roll Recipes
12 Almanac Preserves Recipes
They will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each.
Write name and address plainly.
ALMANAC RECIPES DEPARTMENT,
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

NEW ALMANACKERS

22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
18 Almanac Causale Recipes
10 Popular Salad Recipes
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19, N. Y.

Patterns for Today



PATTERN 3701 — Toddler's crissy sundress and bonnet. Sizes 1 to 6, sundress requires 1 yard 35-inch fabric; bonnet, 7/8 yard. 30c.
PATTERN 3684 — Essential button-front frock. Sizes 12 to 20, 36 to 48. Also 28 requires 2 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric. 30c.
PATTERN 3016 — Captivating sailor doll, a mascot for young and old. 20c.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments. TWENTY CENTS for each one.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 65 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.



Their Slow
Day-long Baking
Is Why You
Like 'Em Best

Always ask for B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans. They're actually baked (not stimated) slowly...all day long...to give you that famous, traditional, real New England flavor. Whenever your Center is out, remember it's this long, slow baking that prevents our hurrying these Down East treats to you. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland 2, Maine.

GENUINE NEW ENGLAND
B & M
BRICK-OVEN
BAKED BEANS

ICE CREAM
AS LOW AS
11¢ a pint

Sure to be pure—YOU make it in 2 minutes, mix LONDONDERRY sugar and evaporated milk, or any cream that will whip. What's more, that's all. No cooking, no re-whipping. Smooth, no ice crystals (like milk or cream with for delicate frozen desserts) 15¢ plus. LONDONDERRY makes it with any flavor. Ask your grocer for LONDONDERRY. If he does not carry it, send us \$1.00 for 7 packages and 20 famous recipes, receipt of.

LONDONDERRY
815 Howard Street, San Francisco 3, Calif.

Now it's easy to **KEEP MOSQUITOES FROM BITING**

Macquies just don't like Jitter Bug. That's why they steer away from the men, women or child who rubs a few drops of Jitter Bug on ankles, legs, wrists, arms, face and forehead before going outside. It repels Chiggers, fleas and Sand Flies and Sand Flies. Costs only 35¢ at drug, grocery, hardware, department and variety stores. If you want real protection this summer, be sure you get genuine

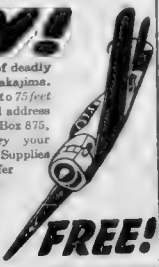
JITTER BUG

Build and FLY!

Hurry! Get free easy-to-build, cut-out models of deadly U.S. Grumman Hellcat and sinister Jap Nakajima. Full-color, authentic models that actually fly—up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand. Rush name and address with 2 Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 875, Minneapolis, Minn. Send no money—your planes are free. Send at once! Supplies strictly limited. Offer expires August 15.



U. S. HELLCAT
JAP NAKAJIMA



FREE!
WITH 2 WHEATIES BOXTOPS

July 16, 1944

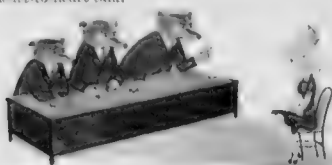


GOLDILOCKS was a stenographer for three good-natured bears who had an office down on Wall Street.

Up until 11 o'clock every morning, Goldilocks was a model of efficiency. But at 11, her work always seemed to bog down.

The three bears would have fired Goldilocks only . . . (1) She was very slick-looking, and (2) Help was very hard to find.

So the three bears called Goldilocks in for a heart-to-heart talk.



And the first bear said: "Young woman, I'll bet you're trying to do a woman-size job on a bird-size breakfast. Tak! Tak! Don't you know that doctors and dietitians say you need at least one quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast!"



And the second bear said: "If you ate a better breakfast, you'd do a better job. As a starter, I'd suggest a bowl of Grape-Nuts. They are, as the advertisements put it, chock-full of B₁—the energy vitamin . . . brimming with the kind of whole-grain nourishment that Uncle Sam advises in his Basic 7 Foods Program." (He was a very practical bear, as you can see.)

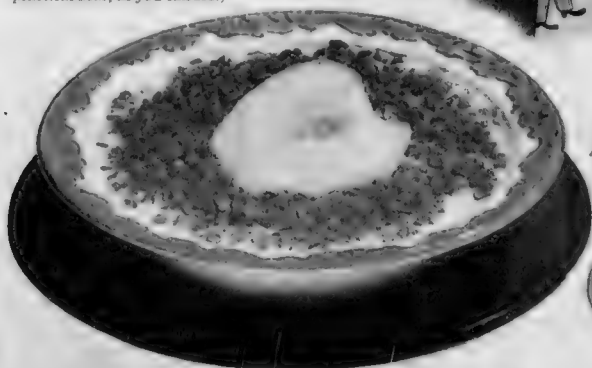
And the third bear said: "I've fixed you a bowl of Grape-Nuts. Try 'em."

Goldilocks looked, and sure enough, there was a bowl of Grape-Nuts . . . drenched in creamy, farm-fresh milk, heaped high with juicy slices of her favorite fruit.



She took a bite. It was enough to make anyone say: "Oh boy, malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut, packed with that gosh-what-a-wonderful-morning flavor." But Goldilocks just said, "Whee." And ate two bowlfuls.

P.S. Of course, after that Goldilocks always ate a good breakfast. Soon she was bursting with so much energy that she quit the three bears and got a much better job in a munition factory.



LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least 1/4 of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes both fruit and a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

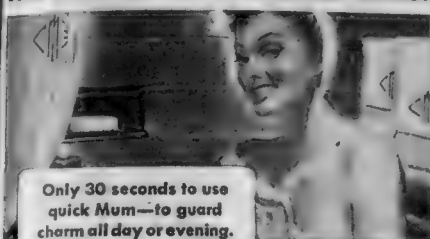
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES • GRAPE-NUTS
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S SO • RAN FLAKES

Grape-Nuts

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

**Underarm odor betrays you—
the minute bath-freshness fades!**



Only 30 seconds to use
quick Mum—to guard
charm all day or evening.

That "sweet-all-over" feeling
you get from a bath can fade fast
—unless you give underarms the
special care they need. Every
day, after every bath, use Mum
—and be sure! Remember, your
bath only removes past perspiration
but Mum prevents risk of
future underarm odor—guards
charm all day or evening. Mum's
dependable and speedy!

MUM'S SO QUICK—Only 30 seconds
to apply Mum yet underarms
stay fresh for hours!
SO GENTLE—Mum prevents risk
of underarm odor without stopping
perspiration. Can be used
even after underarm shaving.
SO DEPENDABLE—Mum won't
irritate your skin—won't harm
fabrics, says the American Institute
of Laundering.

Product of Bristol-Myers

GET MUM TODAY!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

**Say Goodbye to that
Corn!**

How to get instant
relief from painful
pressure and
tenderness

Wouldn't you be happy if you could
say goodbye to that corn, walk without
pain again? Then stop home-paring!
Because "whittling" a corn shaves off
only the top, leaves the core behind!
Instead, do as thousands do: use medicated
Blue-Jay! It works 2 ways: the soft
felt pad lifts off pressure, gives instant
relief. Then the Blue-Jay medication
softens, loosens the corn so it can be
easily removed, with the embedded core.
Get Blue-Jay at any drug counter and
try it today!

**BLUE-JAY CORN
PLASTERS**
MADE IN U.S.A.
BAUER & BLACK • Division of The Kendall Company

**SPRAINS
BRUISES
WRENCHED
MUSCLES**

The moist heat of ANTIPILOGISTINE
goes right to work on these common
everyday injuries, easing pain and
swelling and helping to reduce the swelling.
For best results ANTIPILOGISTINE
should be applied early and comfortably
too. Its moist heat soothes, relaxes
and brings blessed relief for several
hours.

Get a tube or can of ANTIPILOGISTINE
today and keep it handy in your medicine
cabinet.

Antipilogistine
The White Pack with the
Orange Band

Antipilogistine

Read the dramatic events that happen in the
world of science and how they affect your
future in every issue of The American Weekly.

Premieres for Heroes



Many a Fighting Man in the South Pacific
Attends the World Premiere of Movies—Some-
times in a Wild Tropical Downpour.

By
JOHN U. STURDEVANT

LIFE for our fighting
men in the combat
zones and in the far-
flung military outposts is
no bed of roses. But it
has its compensations.
Movies, for instance.

Every new movie Holly-
wood turns out is shown
to a special board of Army
officers. They pick what
they want their boys to see
and special prints are made.
These prints are rushed—
by plane, fast boat, jeep,
and every other means of
transport—to the atolls of
the Pacific, to the wilds of
Burma, to the fog-bound
Aleutians, and everywhere
the Yanks are on the job.

Many an outfit in the
Pacific relaxes from a scrap
with the Japs by sitting
down in a jungle clearing to
a world premiere of a
movie that the folks back
home won't get a look at
for weeks. Men have been
known to attend these first
nightings while a tropical
downpour soaks them and
the screen.

In Bougainville movie
shows were put on so close
to the Jap lines that cap-
tured Nips later said they
heard the voices and the
music of the sound track
from their foxholes.

On another South Sea
island Jap planes spotted
the beam of a movie pro-
jector—and bombed the
"theatre." The men dove for
their foxholes and one blast
blew the projector high in
the air. When the attack

was over the machine was
repaired and the show was
put on the next night.

The boys who are fight-
ing our battles don't like
war movies with glorified
heroes. They go for news-
reels with real war scenes,
musicals, comedies and in-
formational films showing
the most efficient use of
weapons. They get a big
kick out of "home town"
pictures, full of people like
their own mothers, sisters
and sweethearts living their
more-or-less normal lives
far from the blast of bombs
and the whistling of bullets.

**SCALP ODOR—
Not you?**



YOUR PILLOW KNOWS

Your pillow gets as close to
your hair as anything does—so
just check it for unpleasant
odors. Remember, your scalp
perspires just as your skin does
—and it's easy to offend with
scalp odor—and not know it.

To make sure your hair
doesn't drive people away,
shampoo regularly with Pack-
ers Pine Tar Shampoo. It contains
pure, medicinal pine tar that
works wonders with scalp odor
and oily hair. The pine scent
does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packers tonight
and be safe—with clean, fresh
scalp... soft, lustrous hair.
You can get Packers Pine Tar
Shampoo at any drug, depart-
ment or ten-cent
store.

**PACKER'S
Pine Tar
SHAMPOO**



**Now that
SCHICK BLADES
ARE BACK!**

(Sorry—No New Razors Yet
Except for the Armed Forces!)

Make a note. You and your Schick
Injector Razor have a date tomor-
row A.M. There's no more wait-
ing and wishing—because Schick
Blades are back again. You can
get 'em right now! And that means
... well, you know a good thing
when you see it. Else you wouldn't
have been a Schick Injector fan
in the first place.

While we still can't get material
for the razors, except for the
Armed Forces, we're now able to
supply civilian as well as military
demands for Schick Injector
Blades. From now on you can en-
joy these Schick Injector features
... the only basic safety razor im-
provements in the past 40 years.

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

... an exclusive
Schick Injector
feature. A pull
and push on the
Injector short-
ens the old
blade, slides in
a fresh one in-
stantly. No
re-assembly.
No fumbling with
sharp blade edges or
messy razor wrappers.

SOLID GUIDE BAR

... has a sore-
grip surface
that stretches
and flattens the
skin just ahead
of the blade.
Pore-whisk-
ers for closer,
more comfort-
able shave. Cor-
ner guards pro-
tect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

... just as long
but twice as
thick as ordi-
nary blades. 3
times as thick
as paper-thin
ones. So they
take and hold
a really keen
edge. Or if
packed in special
cartridge, their cutting edges are sus-
pended in space.

**SCHICK INJECTOR
RAZOR BLADES**

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
Bridgeport 1, Conn.

**SORE FEET
FEEL FINE**
When You Do This at Night
For 10 minutes tonight, soak your
sore, raw, itching feet in the rich,
creamy lather of Sayman's Wonder
Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel.
Then smooth on plenty of medicated
Sayman's Salve—over the water, blis-
ters, the painful cracks, the sore, raw
skin. Do this for 10 nights and shout
with joy for comforting relief. Two
tubes, 50c and 60c. All drug stores.

**DON'T BURN UP
THIS SUMMER**

When you're miserable, burning
up with heat rash irritated skin,
don't torture yourself with
visions of ice cool pools. Instead,
give your tender skin a refreshing
treat by sprinkling on Mexsana,
the soothing, medicated powder.
Mexsana also cools burn of sun-
burn, eases itching of mosquito
bites, protects baby from tor-
menting diaper rash. Contains
ingredients often used by special-
ists to relieve these discomforts.
A 40 year favorite, it costs little.
Save most in larger sizes. Learn
to beat the heat with Mexsana.



No faster aspirin relief. Get St. Joseph
Aspirin, world's largest seller at 10c.

**St. Joseph
ASPIRIN**

Ever-Ready Oil

WAR WORKERS!

Help Build
Resistance,
Stamina With
This A & D
Vitamin-Tonic!

Look! Do you often feel tired—often
get minor ill? DO something about
it! If your condition is due to dietary
deficiency of Vital Elements—natural
A and D Vitamins—try good-tasting
Scott's Emulsion daily. Many doctors
recommend this valuable summer
tonic to help build resistance, energy
and stamina. Tonic up now—buy
economical Scott's Emulsion today.

At your drugist!
**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**
Great Tasting Tonic

Next Week
**MIND
READING**
Fake or Fact
?

Can a mental wizard actually
read your mind? Read why
Richard Nimble, noted orches-
tra leader and amateur magi-
cian, says "Mind Reading is
the Bunk"—and reveals the
magic tricks mentalists use to
obtain their psychic effects.
beginning in the ...

July 23 Issue of

THE AMERICAN
WEEKLY



Recipe for a nutritious main dish that doesn't cost a single ration point!

Peel large, firm tomatoes; cut each into 5 sections, poinsettia style, almost to the stem end; insert slices of hard-cooked egg in the incisions. Place on leaf lettuce, and—presto!—there's a grand hot day main-dish that leaves your ration points untouched.

Main dish salads not only make points go further... they use up leftovers tastily, too. Try adding strips of leftover ham or salami to potato salad... pep up a green salad by adding leftover cheese. And, whatever the salad, give it flavor "come on" with famous Miracle Whip Salad Dressing.



Recipe for the salad dressing that will make your dish a sure-fire hit...

Just get a jar of Miracle Whip... spoon it generously over your salads... and watch the family dig in! This famous salad dressing has a lively, just-right flavor that's different from that of any other kind. Its exclusive recipe combines the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise. Actually, Miracle Whip is the most popular salad dressing ever created!



PICK FOR VICTORY!

There's a critical shortage of help on the Farm Front. Fruits and vegetables are ripening... *must* be picked when ready. Won't you join in and help save the food crops by picking for Victory? You'll make a vital contribution to the war effort, helping Food Fight for Freedom. You'll earn extra money, doing healthful work. Register at your local U. S. Employment

Service office or with your County Farm Agent.

HOME CANNERS! To re-use Miracle Whip jars for canning you will need special SEALING DISCS. Variety and hardware stores throughout the country carry these discs. Mason jar caps will not fit the Government-specified openings of Miracle Whip jars.

NO KRAFT MAYONNAISE? We're sorry, but there's no help for it right now. Because of government restrictions, the supply of Kraft Mayonnaise is very limited.



FIRST *on the table* ...LAST *off!*

A family favorite!...Fact is, in homes all over the country, it is becoming a habit to serve Krispy Crackers *all through meals*. That's because housewives have discovered the whole family relishes the subtle, tantalizing zest that Krispy Crackers lend to other good foods.

These dainty, slightly-salted crackers give perfect balance in taste to soup, salad, cheese and main course dishes, and add extra food-

energy as well...They're handy for snacks, too! Both children and grown-ups love their delicate flavor and crisp, tender texture—an unusually appetizing combination achieved by Sunshine's special Accordion Fold Baking Process.

Here's another advantage you will appreciate—Sunshine Krispy Crackers stay fresh for weeks, so there's no waste. *Try them!* They'll be "first on, last off" your table, too!



FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

CAN NOW!

Use *Klean* Mason Jars and Caps for all your canning. Easy and quick. Always dependable.

Demand *Klean* "Self-Sealing" Mason Jars and Caps.

Klean Mason Caps fit all Mason Jars —are "Self-Sealing," require no rubber rings.

FREE— *Klean* Homemakers 24 pages time tables, instructions, recipes, 100 gummed labels. Write *Klean* MASON JAR CO. Dept. 113 Los Angeles 13, Calif.



HOLLYWOOD
white shoe polish

25¢

Right for whitest! Gives your shoes that new look, and lengthens their life. Hollywood stays on longer, keeps leather soft, leaves no streaks on shoes.

Also Hollywood Shu-Shine, Hollywood Bootmakers Shine Polish.

Shoemakers Union, Licensed U.S.A.



Your New Baby



Donald Dixon in His Bath. His Mother Protects His Skin in Hot Weather by Using Special Baby Powder and Oil After Each Tubbing.

By JANE TEN BROEK

MAKING room for a new baby is a problem that is demanding A-1 priorities in more than 3,000,000 American homes this year. Even though there literally seems to be no space for thousands of little newcomers a bit of ingenuity can help make a place for the baby's crib and his daily bath and other comforts.

THE baby will need a dozen or more changes of di-

apers every day. It's important time-saving technique to arrange the supply in a spot close to the table or bathinette where you change him. Also keep the tray with the oil and powder, as well as a jar of sterile cotton balls and one of sterile water, within easy reach. For with each change, the skin in the diaper area should be cleansed carefully with special bland mineral oil or dusted with baby powder to protect against chafing. His bath

is all-important, especially in hot weather.

The baby's first baths usually consist of gentle applications of special baby oil from head to toes. By the time his umbilical cord is entirely healed, a daily bath with water and special bland soap is usually put on his schedule.

If the baby must share an all-purpose room with his mother, there may not be space for a folding bath knitter; but a small washtub will do. It has as well. A card table, coffee table, or even a camouflaged packing case can hold the tub. Put a newspaper on the floor for soiled diapers and clothing, and arrange his fresh clothes within reach.

Close to the table have the tray with all the necessities. Lay out a washcloth and soft bath towels.

Cooling Finish

IT'S a good idea to wrap the baby in a soft, dry bath towel as you take him from the tub, and then lay him on a thick, soft pad. Dry him thoroughly. Moisten your fingers with baby oil, and apply gently to the folds of his neck, armpits, and diaper region, under the knees, and between his fingers and toes. Dust the rest of his skin gently with his powder before dressing him.

This routine will help protect the baby against chafing and chapping and pricking heat. In hot weather you'll probably want to sponge and powder him all over several times a day. When the mercury is soaring don't burden him with clothes. His diaper is enough. And don't overdo his sunbathing. Ask your doctor how much sun the baby can have.

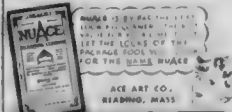


KEEP PICTURES HE SENDS IN GOOD CONDITION FOR HIS RETURN!

Mount them in *NUAGE* album with *NUAGE* photo album.

Available in Black, White, Gray, Red, Sepia, Ivory, Pink, Blue, Yellow, Gold or Silver. At 5¢ & 10¢ Stores, Camera and Department Stores.

ONLY 10¢ A PACKAGE OF 100 IN MOST COLORS



Look for *NUAGE* in *NUAGE* photo album.



It's here the *GAUZX* bandage is the only one that sticks to hair or skin — and stays on! It's the only one that doesn't irritate the skin. It's the only one that doesn't leave a mark. It's the only one that doesn't leave a mark. It's the only one that doesn't leave a mark.

GAUZX is the only one that sticks to hair or skin — and stays on! It's the only one that doesn't irritate the skin. It's the only one that doesn't leave a mark. It's the only one that doesn't leave a mark.

NEW DRESS, HONEY?

IT'S NOT NEW—
THAT'S THE
LUX LOOK!

Colors stay lovely
up to 3 times longer!

Your pretty rayon dresses, precious sweaters, nice cottons can keep that new look—the Lux look—with gentle Lux care.

Tests prove that colors stay lovely up to 3 times longer washed the Lux way. Avoid harsh wash-day methods—strong soaps, too-hot water, rough handling. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Soap contains vital war materials—don't waste it!



"Making the children's things last longer is one of my wartime jobs," says Mrs. Jansky, wife of an aircraft supervisor. "Lux helps me do it! Dickie's sweaters and everything the baby wears get Luxed."

Washables lead a l-o-n-g life when they lead a LUX life!

ACT AT ONCE BEFORE OUR SUPPLY IS GONE!

Will Hitler Escape To Argentina?



By Frau Elisabeth Meyer
(Special to Boston Sunday Advertiser)

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

HERE, thousands of miles from Europe's hell; here, in a retreat as lovely and inaccessible as Berchtesgaden itself, the grand and grandiose finale of World War II may be written.

To Argentina, Adolf Hitler may flee by plane and find refuge before his woefully disillusioned country faces the defeat that is inevitable and surrenders him to the United Nations conquerors.

The political condition of the potential haven, with its Nazi inclinations, makes the flight practical and inviting. And the precedent of the late Kaiser's successful escape to stubbornly neutral Holland argues convincingly for it.

But no precedent probably argues half so convincingly as a plump and placid little blonde who became Hitler's photographer and then his cook, and who now rules what is left of his heart.

The girl is Evi Braun, humbly born young Bavarian and by far the least glamorous of Der Fuehrer's long list of women who during the past fateful years have ministered, in one way or another, to the perverted ego of a depraved man whose sole conception of love for a woman is the enslavement and abasement of her body and spirit.

DESPITE her exalted position in Germany, Evi Braun is still peasant enough to value security more than power, and astute enough to realize that only a strongly Axis flavored country will be a safe place for herself and the dethroned Hitler. Neither Holland nor Sweden nor Switzerland would do, she well knows. They are neutral countries, but not so blindly neutral that they would hold out indefinitely against the greater nations which are determined to make the German tyrant pay for the blood bath he has given the world.

Argentina, a remote country and a singularly self-sufficient one, can afford to be more independent, and generally is. She might resist the conquerors' threats and her Nazi thousands might defy them. At least that is Evi's hope, and of course, Hitler's too.

So it is small wonder that this colorless woman with the



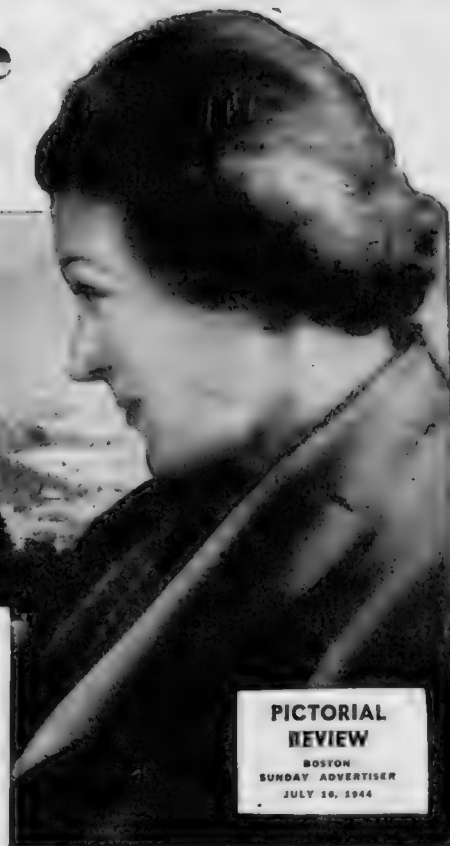
grim and dauntless determination has many powerful Nazis worried now and is giving the High Command many a sleepless night.

As it is, Evi is taking Hitler's mind off the war to such an extent that through his obsessed devotion to her interests he is neglecting affairs of state.

Right now, disgruntled Nazi leaders admit, Evi is closer to

Hitler than any living person, and her influence is viewed with displeasure and alarm.

WHAT appalls and astonishes the inner circle Nazis, only too well accustomed to the vagaries and disloyalties and fickleness of the Fuehrer, is that the strange relationship of Evi and her master has



PICTORIAL
REVIEW

BOSTON
SUNDAY ADVERTISER
JULY 16, 1944

Hitler's Berchtesgaden retreat and (right, above) Evi Braun, who may flee with Hitler to a new hide-out in South America. Left: Unity Mitford, British girl whom Evi succeeded in the affections of the Nazi leader.

endured for more than eight years.

They are bewildered and affronted by Evi's slow but steady rise to power. Those who once sneered openly at her as a dowdy little nonentity slightly higher in rank than a household servant now cringe when she accompanies Hitler publicly on his visits to Berlin and occupied European capitals.

Now she wears jewels gleaned from the most luxurious shops in Paris. Now she goes swathed in pedigreed furs from Norway. Now she rides in a custom-built cabriolet, bearing a Nazi standard similar to Hitler's own. She has a mansion in Munich, and even more intimately important, her own private "dream house," a penthouse atop the fabulous mountain home of the Fuehrer at Berchtesgaden.

The Nazi bigwigs are well accustomed to Hitler's affairs with women, to his gross interludes of infatuation, his sinister escapades with various charmers of high and low degree.

But that Hitler, at this crucial hour of the war, in this crisis of a nation tottering on the brink of destruction, should allow a dull little nonentity like Evi Braun to divert his attention and responsibility, is more than his powerful associates can endure.

NOT that they can do anything about it, except to helplessly and ponder on the ironic fate which has made Evi what she is today. For surely her story is a strange one.

On the rebound from a tempestuous affair with the blonde English aristocrat-intellectual, Unity Mitford, Adolf Hitler first met Evi Braun when she was apprenticed to Heinrich Hoffman, the Munich photo-

grapher who later became Hitler's official and personal cameraman and one of the powers of the Nazi regime.

Evi was the daughter of Dr. Josef Xavier Braun, an obscure retired professor in a junior college near Munich. Through family friendship she had become the protegee of the famous Hoffman.

Hoffman, ardent devotee of National Socialism, took Evi one night to hear the leader, and although Evi was far from political-minded, she developed a fanatical and practically hysterical devotion to the orator from whose lips frothed promises of the liberation and world dominion of the Third Reich.

As Hoffman's assistant, Evi managed to accompany him to Berchtesgaden, that practically inaccessible stronghold of Hitler's dubious private life. And by sheer force of her slavish adoration, Evi drew herself to his attention.

TO THE amazement of those who were watching with cynical amusement the stormy progress of the Fuehrer's love interlude with the beautiful Unity Mitford, the humble Evi Braun soon replaced her in the good graces of the master of the master race.

Unity had been installed at Berchtesgaden, in a private suite next to the Fuehrer's own but the English girl with the pathological love of Nazism had outlived her usefulness.

She had failed in the great mission Hitler had laid upon her—to convert England, and particularly the upper-class, intellectual England, to the greater glory of National Socialism, as revealed by Hitler.

And so the blonde Unity,

Continued on Page 12

Madcap Merry To Reform for Hubby No. 6

By MARTHA MERRILL

"MADCAP" MERRY FAHRNEY, five-times-wed millionaire, has decided, as she embarks on her sixth marriage, that "a woman's place is in the home; to have babies and be a good wife."

There is nothing new about this sentiment, but coming from the patent medicine heiress, whose adventures have been more than madcap and not always merry, the words are quite startling.

Merry Fahrney Pickering Elzner Berlingiere Cassini Holm, to give her all the names she has acquired legally, is about to add another to the string by marrying 23-year-old Carlos Ojeda, son of the Mexican ambassador to Argentina.

Moreover, he told reporters in Buenos Aires that it was her cooking that fascinated him! She is, according to him, "the most perfect cook I ever saw

... she captured me by the tummy."

Merry's former cafe society friends were doubtless surprised to hear of her hidden talent with the skillet, for the nearest the wilful heiress ever came to domesticity in the past was in her penchant for getting married.

MOST OF the former play-mates, in fact, suddenly cooled toward her when she converted, through a mockery of marriage, to quit the United States, and when she said:

"Hitler is a wonderful man. I hope he wins the war."

Just why Merry found this



"Madcap" Merry Fahrney and her fourth husband, Count Oleg Cassini, before their bitter divorce battle in New York state.

They had a child, Peter, who is now 12 years old. That lasted about a year.

In 1932, Merry was about to marry one Count de Georgio when she eloped, instead, with Frank V. Elzner. This marriage brought denunciations from judges and pulpits of "gin weddings," when Merry sought an annulment immediately on the grounds that it was just something she drank.

After the tragic wild ride following the ceremony, both principals insisted from their respective hospital beds that they didn't remember getting married, Elzner protesting his devotion to another fiancée and Merry her love for the Count.

HER ANNOYANCE with U. S. A. officials probably stems from this period, for her Count was hustled off to Brazil by the Department of Justice before she could untangle her affairs. They claimed that he was no Count, but an Italian commoner; that he had overstay his visitor's leave in this country, and that moreover he had a wife and children in Brazil.

In 1937 she surprised people by marrying Baron Arthur Berlingiere in Los Angeles and then coming back to New York by plane while the Baron spent a solitary honeymoon travelling East by motor. This marriage lasted 17 days, after the Baron tried to sue his wife because she had refused to live with him and had made him look ridiculous.

To escape the process-servers who waited to serve this summons on her, Merry

climbed into a trunk and was put aboard a train with a lot of luggage, climbing out after the train left the court's jurisdiction. Later, when two faithful maids testified that the Baron had slapped her, she obtained a divorce on grounds of cruelty.

Husband No. 4 was Count Oleg Cassini, Russian dress designer who is now apparently happily married to movie star Jean Tierney.

Getting rid of Count Cassini was no such easy matter as her other divorces. In 1940, two years after they were wed, she sued him on grounds of adultery in New York, naming a pretty show-girl.

Oleg countered with one of the spiciest rebuttals in the annals of the domestic relations courts.

NEVERTHELESS, Merry had her way again. She won the divorce from Count Cassini, whom she had twice married in the elaborate ceremony of the Russian Orthodox Church. The second marriage was necessary because for a time Merry was accused of bigamy. A Chicago court had declared her divorce from Berlingiere invalid. Later the state supreme court had reversed that decision.

Sometime during the next year Merry got very clubby with various persons of marked Nazi sympathies. That fact that Uncle Sam was going to take a large portion of her inheritance for taxes made her very unhappy, besides.

That's where the Swedish waiter comes in. Nils Kurt Holm, 35, was contentedly serving Smorgasbord in a New York restaurant when he was approached by a stranger who asked if he were a citizen, and if not would he like to earn \$1500 easily and honestly. Of course the waiter was interested. All he had to do was go through a marriage ceremony which was to be shortly dissolved.

So Merry took on husband No. 5 and became Mrs. Nils Kurt Holm, relinquished her American citizenship and became a Swedish national. Within a few minutes after the ceremony, Holm had been paid off, had signed a few papers and been dismissed. Merry departed for South America as Mrs. Mary Holm.

THE FEDERAL Bureau of Investigation, which had been looking into Merry's income tax situation and also into her friendship with persons suspected of subversive activities, was very much irked when they discovered that she had slipped out of the country, taking a half-million dollars in cash with her.

They couldn't catch up with Merry, but they did bar all withdrawals from her bank accounts here, and Argentina froze her funds in its banks because they knew that unless validity of ownership could be proved the cash could be impounded when it reached the United States for exchange.

The Argentine consul explained that since she had a substantial amount of money in cash, she could exchange her smuggled American dollars for pesos in the black market, but at a much greater loss than she would have suffered through taxation at home.

From South America came quotes from the millionairess, just before we entered the war. "I'll never go back to the United States. Nobody can ever make me. After the war I'll go to France for the rest of my life."

Add now it appears that she has had a change of heart and character. She is going to be the domestic wife and raise babies, as the wife of a Mexican official whose family has important connections.



Rumba ability, acquired in New York's swankiest night spots, should stand Merry (above, dancing, and left) in good with her Brazilian neighbors. However, the madcap patent medicine heiress claims she is ready to forsake all her frivolous ways and settle down to quiet domestic life.

country so uncomfortable is a mystery.

Merry's life has been marked for tragedy since she was a spoiled 16-year-old youngster. At that time, just for a thrill, she attempted a parachute jump from a plane.

She failed to clear the plane, and her chute caught on the edge. Her pilot could not come down without dragging her to death. Bruno Schustek, World War I German aviator, went up in another ship and was lowered by a rope to her aid. He succeeded in freeing her and she descended safely . . . but Schustek lost his life.

A GAIN, on the occasion of her second marriage, death came to an innocent bystander partly through her madcap ways. That was when, after eloping with Frank Elzner, their car careened through two billboards and overturned, killing Elzner's younger brother.

Merry was married at 21 to Hugh Parker-Packering, rich and socially elite youth.



Court Trumps Cafe Society's King of Diamonds

By MARY X. SULLIVAN

"JEWELS by Flato" adorned the necks, wrists and ears of society's pets and Hollywood's famous. Swank magazines featured them, priced in four figures, in glamour ads. Paul Flato was himself a celebrity. And now he's in jail.

Branded as a common thief, the elegant Flato languishes in prison after one of the most spectacular exposures in years.

Flato, the man who had been selected of all the jewelers in America to sell the crown jewels of the Spanish Queen Victoria . . . who decked screen and stage stars in diamonds and emeralds just for advertisement . . . who made headlines when Brenda Frazier wore the 123-carat Jonker diamond, lent by him, to a much-publicized luncheon.

Around the tables at the Stork and Club 21, the news that Paul was broke and in the hands of the law for pawning jewels not his own, flew from table to table.

His customers couldn't believe it. For his was the top-notch clientele, socially, financially and artistically. The Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Miriam Hopkins, Marlene Dietrich, Gloria Vanderbilt de Cicco, Ginger Rogers, Mrs. James V. Forrestal, Nelson Rockefeller, Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt . . . these are among the names on his books.

DIAMONDS and pearls have often been credited with carrying bad luck for their owners, as in the case of the famous Hope diamond; it would seem that Flato must have had in his collection some piece that was jinxed, for all his troubles descended on him at once.

His lawyers pleaded in vain that he was an honest but unbusinesslike fellow, who had never been any good at figures. He was an artist who loved his gems, they said, a man to whom bookkeeping was repugnant.

Be that as it may, Paul was denounced by General Sessions Judge John A. Mullen in New York as a "common thief" and was sentenced to two to four years in prison. The judge refused to listen to pleas that Flato be freed long enough to pay back the debts, or even given a 10-day "furlough" to try to straighten it out.

As the judge saw it, the dapper merchant had deliberately pawned jewelry worth more than \$125,000, which he had on consignment from other dealers, to help appease his creditors. Accusing him were Robert Wurmser, \$86,850 for two rings and unset diamonds; L. Bergman, Inc., \$16,500 for a bracelet, and John R. Beares, \$9500 for another bracelet.

ALTHOUGH lovely ladies (wearing choice baubles which had come from his show-cases) bewept his fate, the jewelry Securities Alliance didn't back up their most fashionable member. They went on record as saying:

"We feel he's a disgrace to jewelers of the country. He went into bankruptcy on two other occasions. He should not be allowed in the business."

Just as all this trouble burst upon him, and it was disclosed that he was \$696,299 in debt, another trouble smote him. He was sued for \$20,000 by Dora Gelberg, who claimed that he had stolen certain designs of jewelry which she had submitted to him.

Moreover, he has been suffering from a nervous breakdown caused, his lawyers said, by the disappearance from his safe of an emerald-cut, blue-white diamond valued at \$35,000.

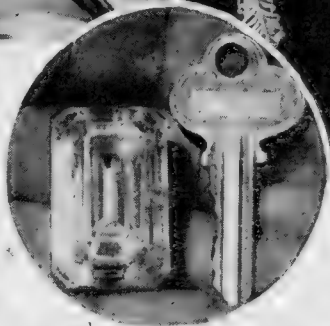
Almost as surprising as Paul's lack of acumen, or even common sense, was the inventory of bills owed him and of jewelry left in his care for repairs or cleaning.

It seems that more than 200 of our socialites and celebrities are quite careless with their jewelry. When Joseph Roth, trustee in bankruptcy for Flato, investigated, he found dusty envelopes containing interesting items.

Among the items left lying



Jeweler Flato's list of clients included Marlene Dietrich (above), it was revealed in court testimony. His tailor received this \$50,000 diamond (right), as payment for two \$100 suits.



around in Flato's for years was a box of antique jewelry belonging to Doris Duke Cromwell, Leon Henderson's cigarette lighter, five topaz stones belonging to Duchess Torlonia and a jeweled link belt belonging to the latter's daughter.

THERE were a few outstanding bills owed to Flato which were undoubtedly good as



Cafe Society's pet jeweler, Paul E. Flato, was convicted of pawning about \$100,000 worth of gems belonging to clients and creditors.



Glamour-girl Esme O'Brien, wearing the famous Jonkers diamond and bedecked with other expensive jewelry, was photographed as she represented Flato at a two-million dollar gem display.

THROUGH all of this, there is one person who will probably suffer even more than Paul or any of his creditors. That is his beautiful wife, whose name was Verna Ostertag before her marriage. (He has been married three times and has three children.)

Verna has staunchly stood by her husband in his fall from for-

tune. At one time she was dripping in jewels, some of them her own and many of them out of stock. But when Paul began to slip into the morass of debt, she turned everything over to be converted into needed cash.

Another woman who probably feels downcast is the wife of Flato's tailor, who was wearing a \$30,000 diamond clip for some weeks under the impression that it was worth maybe \$25 . . .

It was like this: Robert Rapoport, tailor, was getting a little impatient over a bill for two suits, at a little less than \$100 each, which he had made for Paul.

He dropped into the swank shop and reminded the jeweler of it again. Paul, probably inside himself with worry over all the bills, over the pawn tickets which represented goods he had no right to pawn, tossed a bau-



Miriam Hopkins, wearing a diamond in a Hollywood movie, was a Flato client in real life until the expose.

ble out of the case onto the counter.

"Here, take this home for your wife," he said.

MRS. RAPOPORT wore the clip for a while on her dresses, and then told her husband she'd like to have it made into a cocktail ring for her wedding anniversary gift. They were doubtful whether it was valuable enough to warrant spending any money on it and so had it appraised.

When Rapoport had recovered from the shock of finding out its worth, he took it to a lawyer and then turned the diamond gadget over to the district attorney's office. And this at a time when Paul needed \$50,000 badly.

It has been noted that although Flato undoubtedly appropriated jewelry belonging to other firms, and some belonging to customers—Mrs. Vera Brand, wealthy divorcee, has accused him of pawning a necklace and two rings, valued at \$35,000, which he was to sell for her—he has in general not touched any of the baubles belonging to his society or cafe society friends . . . even though they didn't call for them for months or years.

Will they forget all about him, now that he is merely a number, or will they send him tidbits and books and encourage him to start over again when his term is up? No one knows, but it is a safe bet that Mrs. Flato will be the one person who will be on hand to help him when that day comes.

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 18, 1934—Page 3

ONE of New York's greatest manhunts exploded into action on the evening of Wednesday, June 18, 1931, when Police Commissioner Mulrooney abruptly ordered 1000 extra officers into Queens County in the hope of halting the third of what threatened to be a series of murders perpetrated by a letter-writing killer who signed himself "3X, the Man Behind the Gun."

On the previous June 11, Joseph Mozyński, a Polish-American delicatessen store keeper, had been shot to death in his car while enjoying an extra-marital tryst with a girl friend named Catherine May. The killer, described later as a foreign looking, had removed some papers from the dead man's pockets, then courteously escorted Miss May to a bus, on which he rode with her, and thence to a trailer.

On the night of June 16, Noel Sowley, a radio mechanic, had been shot to death while on a bedtime date with a girl named Betty Ring. As in the previous homicide, the killer searched the body. He apparently found a paper he was looking for, then escorted Miss Ring to a bus.

In one of the first of a series of cryptic letters, written mostly to the New York Evening Journal, 3X, newly announced that he intended to kill 14 more persons — who, he intimated, sorely needed killing — and that the third in the list would be wiped out at 9 o'clock that Wednesday night at College Point.

Police officials studied the murderer's communications, then asked psychiatrists what they thought. The experts thought 3X must be a very dangerous maniac whom the cops would do well to seize and sequester forthwith. The cops threatened with dire humiliations by their wrathful chief, strove desperately to do so, but 3X proved exasperatingly elusive.

THE New York Police Department, which is rated as about the best detective force in the world, naturally left no stones unturned. Besides the traps laid along petting lanes, all the various routine checks were made, such as going through the city's 200,000 fingerprint records and 60,000 hack license signatures.

Early Thursday morning, June 19, a killing letter, written on purple note paper, arrived at headquarters.

Where is N&W-9? It inquired. "He is already dead. He is on the Boston Road. His name is Harold Bruhlback. Find the woman, old man, and you've got me."

"A V 3 X" The handwriting slanted a little differently from that in previous letters regarded as authentic — unauthentic letters had already begun to swamp the newspapers and authorities — so this particular note may not have been the McCoy. At any rate, the Post Road's marshy borders were beaten for miles, but no corpse was found. Harold Bruhlback of Matthews ave., Bronx, the only man in New York City with a name as similar, proved to be quite alive and well.

That night in Brooklyn, Morris Horwitz, a well-to-do insurance broker, stepped from his home on Carroll st. to his parked sedan. He called to his wife that he was going to put the car in the garage. With that, a stranger opened the car door, slipped inside, aimed a gun and said, "Drive on."

Horwitz, thinking it was a joke remonstrated and the gun went off at once. Horwitz, painfully wounded, yelled; his wife, still on the porch of their home, screamed, and the stranger fled.

Commissioner Mulrooney and platoons of police rushed to the scene. Betty Ring, Sowley's companion, was brought from her Queens home to view a suspect at Brooklyn's 89th

Justice and The Mysterious '3X'

By RICHARD MASON and PETER LEVINS

He wasn't 3X, she said, and the man was released. On top of that, squads of officers hustled to Nassau County after a roadside holdup suspect reportedly shouted to a driver "Give me those papers!" The driver had disregarded the command and sped away. He insisted that he knew the party, and it wasn't 3X.

NINT a farthing search started for a reputed former Secret Service man and crack pistol shot, on a report by the Rev. Vanderhoof Cooper, pastor of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Street 10 and Bay, Truck



John Mozyński, brother of 3X victim, also received threatening letters.

lyn. The ex-G-man, whose handwriting supposedly resembled that of 3X, had been a Sunday school teacher at the church.

"He would sit staring out of windows for hours," the minister related. "Then he would exclaim, 'There they are!' Sometimes he would fire his revolver out the window at imaginary creatures."

Later this suspect surrendered and was cleared.

All through Friday suspects streamed in and out of Queens police stations.

That same Friday morning the read 3X, or an agent—mailed another long letter in Brooklyn to the Evening Journal. This letter, which was not signed 3X but was ruled genuine, follows.

"N Y C. 6-20

"Dear Sir: "The last document N. J. 4-3-44 returned to us on the 19th at 9 P. M. My mission is ended."

"There is no further cause for worry. I do not know Dr. Williams and the others. The first sign there he apparently explains about his signature A V 3 X assigned by his 'international secret society,' as he promised in earlier letters) means A, the supreme tribunal of the order. The second, V, its spiritual agent. The two combined (that is A over V) form the Red Diamond of Russia, a secret order all over the world."

"Anyone breaking its rules is marked for death. These men were dismissed from the order for reason. They were all our friends but came in contact with a group of blackmailers and a drug ring and turned against us."

"One of them stole the documents mentioned before and they tried to use them for blackmailing our men here. Most of us are soldiers and every country in the world is represented in our ranks."

"Word came to us at the su-

preme council in Russia of the peril in the United States. Twelve of us picked one card. Mine was the king of Diamonds. I was the one selected to punish and inflict death if necessary."

"I HAVE patiently waited. I have warned them all of danger. Instead of heeding the warning, they answered by blackmail. They were requested many times for the return of those papers but refused to surrender them."

"It was when Mozyński (sic) died that they found out who I am. Then things began changing."

Catherine May (left), laughs and Betty Ring covers up with newspaper as they leave car with police matron during investigation. Killer repeatedly praised them for their behavior during trying moments following the homicides.



Morris Horwitz was shown while hunt for 3X was at its height. Horwitz was shot.

Now it is all over. The documents in question — one is a military document, another is political. The third one just surrendered, is commercial.

"Who am I? Not much. An ex-German army officer of the Wilhelm St. (Wilhelmstrasse?) office, Berlin, during the war. Now in the service of the Red Diamond of Russia."

"Yes, the code was addressed to Sowley. Now it is all over. You show me to be brave. Any man who took orders from this 77 is fearless. Your policemen are brave men only they need training. I was watching them at C. P. (College Point?) on the night of the 18th at 9 sharp."

"I am called back home, but before going away today I want

to say that your women are splendid, courageous. I have been here before, but never had the experience I had this time. I am pleased to tell you."

"I am deeply sorry for having stained your country with blood, but let this be a warning to all concerned — treason of one word means death."

"The next time no mercy will be shown. Death only will be the penalty, but I hope I will not be the one to inflict it the next time."

"We are no politicians or hoodlums. We are robbers. Robbery never was the motive, and we do



not belong to any dope ring. This is final."

"You know what we want you to know. Quiet your people and tell them 3X is no more."

"H. P. 12 W. A."

All the 3X letters, Police Capt. Herbert Graham said gloomily, had been valueless clues, except to show that the murderer was dangerous. Psychiatrists, consulted anew, declared that 3X had dementia praecox in an advanced stage. Dr. A. A. Brill, an authority on the subject, called the fugitive "a sadistic type of person that delights in causing pain." He added the opinion that sexual repulsions in 3X had exploded into homicidal mania.

TIME wore on. Many suspected were checked and eliminated. Small blizzards of phony letters sifted over the land. Then, just three months and three days after his mission-is-ended-I'm-off-to-Russia message, the Journal received another communication, apparently genuine. Mailed from Jersey City, it read:

"I have come back to the U. S. Sorry to disturb the peace of your office but after reading the reports forwarded to me, I believe I have come back at a propitious time to clear myself of these charges and restore some sense."

"It is my understanding to be accused of killing these people in New Jersey, also shooting Morris Horwitz, an insurance broker in Brooklyn, and several crimes in western towns and cities."

"I have not killed Hector Avallone in N. Y. C. This man was the victim of a holdup (which was true) but the letter written by the bandits was a

subterfuge to cover their trail. "I believe the letter written to Miss Gilmore, an actress, to be a publicity stunt. (Referring to another phony note.) The case of Mr. Newman in Flatbush must be from a faker. I never wrote to any pastor and never sent any rope with the request to use it. I am not responsible for any attempt to kidnap any young woman in Brooklyn."

"I never wrote any letter to the Mozyński brothers in Philadelphia and Roslyn, L. I. I challenge anyone to show a single obscene word. (Some of the unauthentic letters, needless to say, had contained unprintable terminology.)"

"It is my suggestion to the city editor to relay to the local authorities: Let Passy sector, to be closely watched by U. S. border police. Arrest every individual of Slavic race crossing the border."

"Offices and files of the U. S. Chemical Warfare Bureau to be closely watched. Check up if possible on New England and New York Atlantic coast to be closely watched for motor-boats."

"New York police must try to locate the war-dec station somewhere on Long Island or possibly near New Rochelle."

"Watch for distress signals and following message from ship to ship: 'My message to New York police and population is Do Not Fear Me. I will explain everything. WRV-8 reports people in College Point and Creedmoor as living in terror. Nothing will happen again.'"

THE late New York Evening Graphic on Oct. 17 — after 3X had again supposedly left for foreign parts and assignments — came up with an explosive assertion that Joe Mozyński had been high in the councils of a Polish-White Russian secret society. Mozyński and 3X, the story said, had been valueless clues, except to show that the murderer was dangerous. Psychiatrists, consulted anew, declared that 3X had dementia praecox in an advanced stage. Dr. A. A. Brill, an authority on the subject, called the fugitive "a sadistic type of person that delights in causing pain." He added the opinion that sexual repulsions in 3X had exploded into homicidal mania.

Slightly more than a year later, on Oct. 22, 1931, the Journal reported that it had received a note. This was not in such good English but the paper said it bore a secret identification mark "characterizing every one of his missives of death." It read:

"Reference: Your article Oct. 17, 31, '200 Cops Trail 3X Killer.'"

"Inspector John J. Gallagher was notified by me recently that my gun was about to spit lead, therefore, I have decided to stop the paper's activities, but I have just advised the inspector that due to some reasons the warning did not materialize as yet."

"The fact is that three men will be executed by me at the same time. But we have not been able to get them together as yet and are now waiting the first opportunity to carry out our plan."

"You will be notified when it happens and you will find them in a wireless station, not in parked cars, and I doubt that there will be any women in it."

"Firearms may not be used but maybe a blowgun with poisoned darts, causing instant death. Or we may resort to a very old Hindu trick, a hair-raising way of disposing of certain people that will teach others to be careful."

"We have many means of doing away with rascals and we have done away with a good many so far. Most of them are recorded as death by accident, natural death, heart trouble, etc."

"I have not been released from any sanitarium. I do not frequent such places, but leave them for the police. I have written frequently to your paper and also to — (The blank is reprinted from the Journal.)"

"One letter mailed to you did not get by and was remailed."

"Ho, yes! There will be a good story for you soon, and an opportunity for Gallagher to show us some of his new methods of sloughing that he learned last year."

"So long. "3 X." And so long to you, too, old fellow."

Dizzy Doings Of Honeychile Enliven Court

By GEORGE LEWIS

A GAL may make faces in court and stick out her pretty tongue at the opposition attorney, but when she throws in gum chewing—well, that's a little too much for even a long-suffering judge to bear.

So Patricia (Honeychile) Wilder, Georgia's Gorgias Peach and Broadway's Scarlett O'Hara, learned last week in Manhattan.

The unpredictable Honeychile was before Referee John P. Cohalan to vacate judgment obtained against her by a furrier who charged that she had neglected to pay him something like \$5000 for a mink coat and other glamour garments.

Honeychile succeeded by the conventional expedient of introducing hotel records purporting to show that she wasn't even in town when legal process was begun.

Not so conventional, however, was her behavior at the august bar of justice. Of course, everybody was more or less prepared for a considerable rise in the temperature when the sultry Southern siren mounted the witness stand, but hardly anybody anticipated the heights to which Referee Cohalan's soared.

From the start it was obvious that Cohalan was burning up with something besides the heat, and this naturally directed attention to Honeychile's classic jaws which were swaying suggestively without giving out with her far-famed accents.

THERE ENSUED a long and painful moment of silence, with the air of heavy expectancy serving only to intensify the blackness of the magistrate's frown and the utter insouciance of its recipient.

"Lady, where do you think you are?" Cohalan finally demanded.

Honeychile's big blue eyes widened in shocked incredulity, and she innocently gasped:

"Why yo' Honuh—I'm heah!" For a second or two it looked as if Cohalan was going to say something like "save the coyness for those who appreciate it," but instead he instructed:

"You happen to be in a courtroom, and a courtroom is in place in which to chew gum."

Honeychile gulped, almost swallowing her bubble wad. But, somehow, she managed the feat of tucking it away neatly in her silk hanky. With quiet restored, the court then got down to the business of clearing up Honey's case.

Even less conventional was the Wilder gal the preceding week, when she made her first appearance before Referee Cohalan.

CONTENDING that she had not received proper notice of the suit which resulted in the judgment in the furrier's favor, she testified in the sorghum-thick dialect of the Deep South: "Why, Ah, wasn't anywhere neah New York then, Yo' Honuh. Ah was visiting mah parents in Georgia. Later Ah went to Miami and from there to Buenos Aires."

Samuel Isaacs, counsel for the furrier, pressed for details of Honeychile's travels, and she became confused. So Referee Cohalan let a helping hand.

"How did you get to Georgia?" he asked.

Honeychile pressed a dainty hand to her brow, bit her lip and replied:

"Ah travel a good deal, Yo' Honuh. Sometimes I don't recall just how I get from one

place to another. Ah might have gone by train."

With this off her lovely chest, Honeychile proceeded to glare in Lawyer Isaacs' direction. The judge couldn't help noticing.

"Apparently, you do not like Mr. Isaacs," he observed.

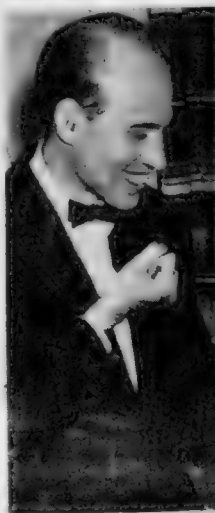
Whereup Isaacs, a chivalrous soul, gallantly remarked: "That's all right. I really don't mind."

"Make all the faces you like at him then," Referee Cohalan directed.

Not the gal to require a second invitation of that sort, Honeychile promptly stuck out her tongue at Mr. Isaacs.

THE HONEY-HAIRED lass from Georgia didn't stretch the truth a bit when she spoke about traveling "a good deal." In fact she made the acquaintance of trains and steamboats when she was as a scant 18.

At length, weary of her constant running away, Papa Wilder, who's also the Macon, Ga., fire chief, gave his adventure-craving daughter a railroad



ticket and \$300 and told her to go to New York and make good.

Of course, Papa Wilder expected her back as soon as she was broke. But Honeychile's little head was filled with different ideas. Having reached the big town, she invested \$270 of her fortune in new clothes in one of Fifth ave.'s swankiest shops and, looking like a million, went to the races with a swooning gentleman.

At the track Honeychile put her remaining \$30 on a likely looking nag which more than lived up to her high hopes by coming in and paying \$20 for \$2. After that, nobody could lure Honeychile back to Macon, except for visits.

Radio soon replaced ponies in Honeychile's affections, and, in almost no time at all, she was sharing a stellar part with Bob Hope. Hollywood called her in due time and she responded, much to the sorrow of the mar-



Patricia (Honeychile) Wilder, the Georgia peach who has registered marked success in radio and cafe society, but was sharply rebuked for gum-chewing during a New York court appearance concerning nonpayment for a \$5000 mink coat.



"Honeychile" Wilder displays the muscle behind her right hook to her escort, after a cafe society jam in which she bopped Beverly Paterno.

ried and mustached lais of Cafe Society whose lives she had made generally livelier and happier.

But Honeychile couldn't get over feeling that she was wasting her time and talents. So she hastened back to Broadway, caustic in her comments on the male population of filmdom.

"Hollywood men? You can have them," she told one and all. "They know less about how to treat a girl than the boys in grammar school down where I come from."

"Glamour? Good manners? Savoir faire? These movie heartbreakers lack them all, once they get away from the camera. They have a few good looks, but a girl soon tires of that in a man."

Warning to her subject, Honeychile was wont to compare the filmdom species of male to the Southern brand. It was pretty rough on the home guard.

"Down South they make a fuss about a girl," she drawled. "The boys make you feel as if you're something nice and important. You get the habit of having men treat you with respect. That tradition about Southern chivalry is more than a tradition—it's a fact."

"The worst kind of backwoods Georgia man is chivalrous. He might murder the English language, and he might even murder a man or two, but he still

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SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
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Junior Victory Army Leads Battle to Rid N.E. of Ragweed

By GEORGE LEWIS

WAR workers, attention! If—ah-ah-ah-choo—you can't put a nut on a—kar-ar-ah-schuntsai—you'll be cause of the hay fever that afflicts you, quit the South and come to New England.

Here, very likely, your sniffles will vanish, and you'll be fit again for all-out production.

Why? It's a long and interesting story.

Right after the first World War doctors and scientists started to look upon hay fever as a preventable disease. They had known for years that it was caused by the presence of various pollens in the air. These microspores, cast off by a number of plants, including goldenrod and ragweed, inflamed the delicate membranes of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes, causing serious disturbances which could, if neglected, develop into pneumonia, sinus infections and chronic asthma.

Extensive investigation convinced the doctors and scientists that ragweed was the major offender. They found that its light pollen circulated readily and rapidly and that it was frequently possible for a single roadside plant to affect a dozen persons 80 or 40 miles away.

Goldenrod, long hated and shunned by hay fever sufferers, received a more or less clean bill of health from the doctors and scientists. Its heavy pollen, they learned, fell to the ground and seldom blew about in the air. Of course, persons foolish enough to decorate their homes with bouquets of goldenrod were apt to experience the disagreeable effects of a bad cold, but it was not responsible for long-distance persecution.

In other parts of the country doctors attacked the ragweed plague by desensitizing its victims. They prepared concentrated extracts of pollen and injected the extracts into the blood streams of coughing sneezing persons. Dosage was graduated in such a way as to permit the inoculated individuals to build up an immunity to the pollen.

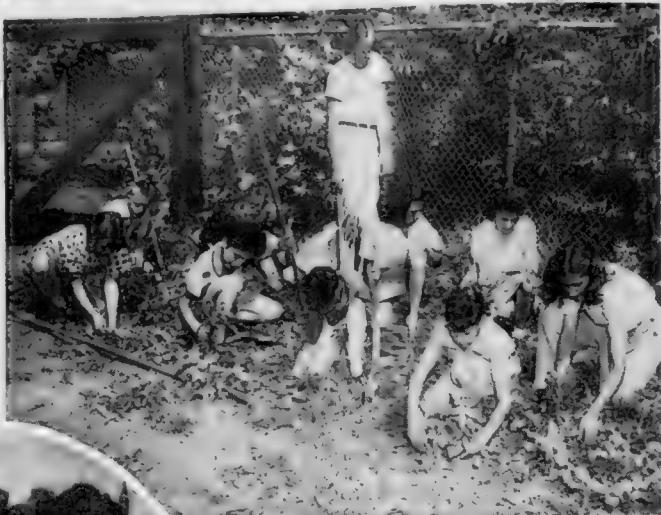
But it was an expensive and difficult treatment, and not always a successful one. Actually, only about 20 per cent. of the hay fever sufferers enjoyed permanent cures and less than 50 per cent. were relieved.

In New England, doctors adopted the simpler, safer strategy of eliminating the ragweed itself. Such a campaign would be humanly impossible in the thinly settled South and West, with their vast wasteland and great distances between cities and towns. But

here, with homes and farmers closer together than anywhere else in the country, the task was feasible and relatively easy.

Among the first to heed the doctors' appeal were the Sunday Advertiser and the Boston Evening American and the Daily Record. In editorial and news columns these papers said: "Destroy ragweed. Pull it up by the roots whenever and wherever you see it. Fight it as the pest it is. Every plant you destroy will be 'sneeze' insurance for yourself, your family and the community."

The Advertiser and its sister publications encouraged the formation of anti-ragweed committees in practically every city



Do you suffer from hay fever like this young lady? If so stay in New England during the pollen season. Boston has less pollen count than any section of the country, authorities report.

Outstanding in the war against ragweed is the Record-American and Sunday Advertiser sponsored Junior Victory Army. Members are shown picking the weed under supervision of Lloyd Hechinger.



defense productions would be impossible in New England so long as ragweed was permitted to spread hay fever and thus remove hundreds of persons from shipyards and arsenals.

Now, even before victory has been achieved in Europe and Asia, the domestic war against ragweed is being won in New England. A survey conducted by Oren C. Durland, distinguished scientist, reveals how well it is being won.

On his chart showing what cities are to be avoided by hay fever victims, Durland gives Buffalo, N. Y., the number 100 number based on pollen counts made all over the country.

Indianapolis, much worse than Buffalo, has a pollen count of 114. Peoria, Ill., has a count of 113. Omaha, Neb., one of 67. Kansas City, Mo., and Flint, Mich., counts of 93 each. New York has a count of 30; Chicago, 74; Cleveland, 68; Detroit, 67 and Washington, 40.

And Boston, safest of all large cities for the hay fever folk, has the almost unbelievable small count of 15!

We are harvesting the first dividends of our anti-ragweed campaign in the form of efficient industrial production, but the bigger and more enduring dividends will come in the post-war period when we shall not only be America's warm weather playground but North America's health clinic as well.

It would be a serious mistake of course to stop pulling up and burning ragweed. Our hard-won laurels are too precious to rest on. We must keep up the good work and never abandon it until ragweed is as rare as palm trees in this part of the United States.

ACCORDING to botanists, ragweed is a hardy annual of the genus ambrosia. Why these scholarly gentlemen placed it in that lovely classification we cannot imagine.

Up to the middle of August the vicious weed is as innocent as a daisy. It just grows and grows and does nothing. But as soon as its pretty blue flowers appear—watch out! That's when the pollen begins to spread.

Consequently, the time between spring and Aug. 15 is really a period of grace provided by nature for suffering humanity to do something to help itself. Every plant that is destroyed is a plant that will not pollute the air after Aug. 15.



Ridding Dorchester of ragweed. JVA members, directed by Esther E. Larson, ready to destroy pile of ragweed which they pulled up as their part in the drive.

This is ragweed. Destroy it wherever you find it.

and town. Municipal workers were recruited for the work. Garden clubs pressed the campaign vigorously. School children lent a hundred thousand helping hands. All over the Commonwealth ten after ten of the noxious little weed went into bonfires.

OUTSTANDING in the war for health and happiness was the famous Junior Victory Army, whose young members were not satisfied with merely pulling up every bit of ragweed in sight but enlisted their families and neighbors in the fight and taught them how to recognize the plant in all stages of its growth and development.

Dr. Paul J. Jakmuh, then the State Health Commissioner, saw the value of the crusade and gave it his full support. When the European war started he numbered ragweed among the friends of the Axis and stressed the fact that all-out

Life Runs Serenely Along At the Various Resorts

By ALICE WILLIAMS

THIRD WARTIME SEASON AT THE FASHION-able summer playgrounds finds things moving quietly along . . . with most of the social excitement centering about the yacht and beach clubs during the sizzling weather of the past weeks.

And there's no lull in the war effort activities of our vacationing socialites. They simply transfer this important work to the summer spot they happen to be in . . . or else trek down into town a day or two a week at the Red Cross or one of the hospitals.

Manchester's Singing Beach is the pet swimming rendezvous of the super-exclusive set . . . with picnic suppers on the "musical" sands, a popular diversion these torrid evenings.

Then, of course, there's a series of fetes to aid the North Shore churches, where Society worships during the summer months, always highly successful events, by the way.

FRNSTANCE a brilliant array of the summering Who's Who along the North Shore trekked over to Hamilton (despite Wednesday's terrific

chairman) and all their working committees are to be congratulated for the colorful "Mexican Fiesta" cooked up for this season's offering.

IN FORMER years the fete was an all-day affair, wending up with supper and gay cabaret, but the war, gas rationing, etc., changed all that, and a 1 o'clock afternoon opening with a 6 p. m. closing is now in effect. Be that as it may it's a very busy five hours of entertainment for the young fry and grown-ups.

The ponies sent over from "Flying Horse Farm" . . . the Summer Pingree estate at South Hamilton . . . and the gay Sicilian cart pulled by a colorfully decorated donkey, named Dominica . . . were the pet attractions for the youngsters, as well as important money makers.

LUCY COCHRANE . . . Beantown's No. 1 glamour gal . . . who journeyed over to New York last winter to appear in the "Follies" and departed yesterday for Hollywood and the movies . . . helped Kay Winthrop (the tennis star) manage the pony ride department. And Ruth Ellen Totten (whose husband, Lt. Col. James W. Totten, is with the Army over in Italy) was in full charge of the donkey and cart.

ONE OF the most attractive young marrieds doing her bit for the success of the gala fete was Mrs. Richard C. Storey, Jr. . . . the former Mabel Bayard Thayer . . . who put in a busy afternoon at the flower stall. Her attractive sub-deb daughter, Ruth Bayard Storey, was among the young smart set assistants. When asked to pose for a "snap" by the ever-present cameramen, Mrs. Storey smilingly requested that her charming daughter, and sturdy young sons, Richard, C. 3d, and Bayard, be taken, instead, so that she could send the picture overseas to Capt. Storey, who is in Normandy at the moment.

Mrs. Harrison Gardner (Eloise Lawrence) made a similar request, and Lt. Gardner (serving in the South Pacific) will be getting an envelope one of these days containing a photograph of his children, Phyllis, Harrison, Jr. Joan and Nancy. And Lt. Farley Wheelwright, overseas with Uncle Sam's army, will also be "surprised" with a photo of his cunning little daughter, "Dedee."



THE FORMER Rosamond Robinson, whose marriage to Robert J. Scannell, U. S. Army, was solemnized recently in St. Clement's Church, West Somerville, Mrs. Scannell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Robinson of West Somerville. The bridegroom . . . son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Michael Scannell of Boston . . . is a third-year student at Tufts Medical School.

Looking Ahead

One of mid-summer's outstanding diversions along the North Shore is the annual benefit fete for St. John's Church . . . charming little ivy-cled stone Episcopal edifice in Beverly Farms . . . set for July's final Thursday on the church grounds.

Once again, Mrs. Nathaniel Simpkins of "Purple Beechcroft" at the "Farms," chairmans the colorful fair, aided and abetted by important members of the summer colony, as well as year-round residents of the picturesque North Shore towns.

St. John's Fair . . . always a gala occasion . . . goes on from mid-morning until 6 o'clock . . . with afternoon tea in between.

"Mitzi" Ott Becomes Bride

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD M. OTT, of West Newton, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Marita Maxwell ("Mitzi"), to Aviation Cadet Walter Smith Railsbach, son of Mrs. William S. Railsbach and the late Mr. Railsbach, of West Newton.

The wedding took place in West Newton's Second Church, with Dr. Clyde Yarbrough, officiating.

The bridegroom attended Exeter, graduated from Noble and Greenough, and was studying at Princeton when he entered the armed forces. "Mitzi" . . . one of our most popular and attractive young smart setters . . . was graduated from Beaver Country Day and debbed with the 1942-43 bird flock.

ENJOYING A BRIEF holiday up in New Hampshire's White Mountains, are Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Bradley French of Brookline.

United War Fund

TOMORROW USHERS in National War Fund race week . . . so-o-o-a goodly number of our important people will be journeying over to Suffolk Downs to enjoy an afternoon of racing, and at the same time do their particular bit for the Greater Boston United War Fund.

There will be lots of gaudy luncheon parties at the Paddock Club prior to the start of the race. The UWF will benefit from this entire week of racing over at the Suffolk Downs track . . . so why not plan a day, or two, or maybe three, to take in the exciting show, and help this ever so worthy cause.

out in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Watertown, Wis., where the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Seager, reside

CONGRATULATIONS TO LT. Alexander Welch, USNR, and Mrs. Welch (Barbara Anne Thompson)

on the arrival of Alexander Duane Welch, born recently at the U. S. Beacon st., announces the marriage of her daughter, Mary Mac-Mrs. Welch is the daughter of the Dough, to Mrs. Charles A. Seager, Camera S. Thompson of Welles-USNR, which took place recently in the Hills.



Soak up that sunshine...
out where the blue begins!

No wonder the ancients thought the sun was the giver of life . . . for now we know it holds precious gifts we all need . . . today more than ever before with the tension of wartime living, the fatigue of wartime work. Make the most of every opportunity to bask in the sunshine . . . use ELIZABETH ARDEN'S IDEAL SUNTAN OIL to keep your skin supple, healthy, while you tan in Nature's own way, achieving a beautiful color, relaxing in the open air, enjoying the glorious sun. ARDEN'S IDEAL SUNTAN OIL, 1/25

ARDEN'S SUNPROOF CREAM . . . helps to filter out the burning rays of the sun . . . Protect against undue exposure. Tan if you wish . . . by regulating application, 1.00

ARDEN'S PROTECTA CREAM . . . Top to toe protection for those who like to remain free from freckles, tan, sunburn and wrinkles. Use it as a powder foundation, too . . . 6 shades, 1.50

ARDEN'S SPORTS GELÉE . . . to bronze deeply and refresh a soft skin . . . It lets the sun through . . . 50 to 1.50

ARDEN'S 8 HOUR CREAM . . . to smoothe and cool your skin after sunning unsmirily. Excellent for sun-baked hair and scalp, 1.50 and 2.50 (all prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden
24 NEWBURY STREET • BOSTON 16 • KENMORE 4783



LUCY COCHRANE, Boston's top glamour gal, who is on route to Hollywood for a career in the movies. She was among the young social regulars working for the success of Christ Church Fair on Wednesday at Hamilton on the North Shore.

heat) to attend the yearly Christ Church Fair . . . one of the really important happenings of the season.

Indeed, Mrs. Donald Trussel and Mrs. Standish Bradford (co-

Judy 'n' Jill
Heart Throb

10.90

Don't worry about the man shortage when you have this on. Chambray with the stripes going the other way . . . a be-dazzling eyelet batiste at the scooped-out neckline and used with petticoat peritance at the hem. Red, blue, green . . . 10.90

Junior's 9 to 15
SKYLIGHT SHOP FIFTH FLOOR

Judy's
Bos.



Boston Social Whirl

BY THE CHAPERON

A WEDDING OF EXTREME INTEREST IN BEANTOWN takes place over in New York on August's very first day . . . when Alice Orcutt is slated to walk altarward in the Church of the Ascension to plight her troth to Montagu Maxwell Carpendale Groom, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward John Beresford Groom.

The bride-elect is the daughter of the Rignold W. Orcutt of Washington sq., N. Y., and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Dana Orcutt of Beacon st., and "Meadowmere" at West Haverhill, Cape Cod.

Not one attendant will serve the bride on her wedding day. . . . Dorothy Hoyt, who will hunt up from Nova Scotia for

presentation season she attended the Bowe School of Physical Education for a year.

Lt. Tower . . . son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Tower of Lexington . . . prepped at Milton Academy and graduated from Harvard College with the class of '31. His college clubs include the Owl, Institute of 1770 and Hasty Pudding, and he also holds membership in The Country Club of Brookline. He is stationed out on the West Coast.

Another brand new Army bride-elect is Nancy Shaw, whose parents, Lt. Com. and Mrs. Frederick D. Shaw, have made known her engagement to George M. Burke, Jr., U. S. Army . . . son of their Weston neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. G. Murray Burke.

No bridal plans for Nancy, who plans to enter Boston University in September. Her fiance is stationed at Camp Shelby, Miss.

SNAPSHOTS: Anne Thompson shopping in the "five and dime" . . . "Kathie" Reynolds dinner-dancing in the Copley-Plaza's Oval Room . . . looking attractive in full-skirted, long-sleeved frock of navy and white striped jersey . . . Jean Kuebler . . . the George J. Kueblers' attractive post-debutante daughter . . . en route to the Junior League, via the Public Gardens . . . lime accessories with her smart navy crepe . . . Mrs. Melvin Johnson, Jr., the former Virginia Rice . . . window-gazing along Boylston . . . Helen Reynolds . . . Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reynolds' charming daughter . . . trying on chapeaux at one of the downtown specialty shops . . . Mrs. George Watson lunching at the Women's City Club . . . favorite noonday repast spot for several of our smart setters . . . Dorothy Shepard parking her car outside the Ritz-Carlton . . . tiny flowered hat with her summery print . . . very chic . . . Janet Carlier . . . in dungarees and white duck shirt . . . sailing at Marblehead Neck . . . post-deb Barbara Lane Connolly chatting with friends on Boylston street.



MRS. BERNARD P. FARRAGHER (Mary E. Kenefick), is one of July's charming brides. She exchanged marriage vows with Ens. Farragher, USNR, a week ago yesterday via a nuptial mass in Newton's Church of Our Lady, at which the bridegroom's brother, Fr. Leo Farragher of Tuskegee, Ala., officiated.

the occasion, Richard N. B. Groom will perform best man duties for his brother.

NO IMMEDIATE wedding plans for Sarah Willets Abbot who joined the long procession of Army bride-elect the past week, when her engagement to Richard Lockwood Tower . . . one of Uncle Sam's young lieutenants . . . was announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Abbot of Chestnut Hill.

... bride of Buckingham School in '42, debbed with the 1943 bud cup and belongs to Boston's famous Vincent Club. Following her pre-

air conditioned...

CLEARANCE

Fredleys dresses now 10.90 14.90 18.90

350
Boylston
Street

suits and coats
now from 16.90

CLEARANCE



DEBORAH "DEBBIE" DAVIS waves to friends ashore as she "takes off" from the Corinthian Yacht Club pier for a bit of a "cruise" around Marblehead harbor. "Debbie" looks mighty fetching in her two-piece swim suit of gay plaid taffeta.

Esplanade Concerts

PRIOR TO the war, annual gift-checks to the Esplanade Concerts Fund, were frequently accompanied by a line or two expressing appreciation of the value of this enterprise (originated by Arthur Fiedler) to summer city dwellers, but adding that the donor had never attended, owing to vacationing at some one of the various resorts.

In the past two seasons, transportation problems have enabled these sponsors to attend the concerts, which appear to have been even more of a revelation than they had anticipated.

Birthday Party At Girls' Clubs

SEVENTH BIRTHDAY of the Girls' Clubs of Boston, Inc., was celebrated Wednesday afternoon at the Bunker Hill Clubhouse, in Charlestown, with Mrs. Robert F. Herrick, member of the board of directors and executive committee, on hand to cut the gorgeously iced seven-layer cake, served to the five hundred or more children attending the festive party.

Mrs. Bartlett Harwood, president of the Girls' Clubs, was presented several albums of music for the new juke box, just installed at the Club for "Teen-Age Date Night," on Wednesday evenings, and USO night every Thursday at the Bunker Hill Clubhouse.

Among those at the party were Mrs. Byron G. Tosi, secretary of the club, Miss Eleanor Kitchen, member of the executive committee. Members of the staff included Mrs. Eloise McGinnis, executive director; Miss Priscilla Kelly, Miss Priscilla Stiles, Miss Ada M. Noble, Miss Marion Broadley, Mrs. Florence Herne, Miss Alison Morse and Miss Irene Gordon.

Mary Kenefick Becomes Bride

ONE OF July's most attractive brides was Mary E. Kenefick, of Brighton, who plighted her troth to Ens. Bernard P. Farragher, USNR, a week ago yesterday in the Church of Our Lady, Newton. The bridegroom's brother, Rev. Lee Farragher, home on a visit from Tuskegee, Ala., officiated at the 10 o'clock nuptial mass.

Ens. Farragher attended Our Lady's high school in Newton, graduated from Boston College, and was studying there on a fellowship when he entered the Navy. He is now stationed at Norfolk, Va.

SALE! SALE! MARY BURNS SHOP

Yes—it's time for the ANNUAL SALE at the Mary Burns Shop!

It's to be a clearance of a complete and exquisite stock of slightly used evening gowns, wedding dresses, wraps, Bridesmaids and dinner dresses. They're all lovely, different gowns—prices, \$1.95, \$3.95 and up. See you at the Mary Burns Shop, 100 Summer St., Boston. Tel. Lib. 3572 or Dev. 8033. Adv.

MRS. HARLAN STONE and her children, Ellen and Toby, have arrived from New York to summer on the Cape with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hanlon.

Plotkin Bros.

164 BOYLSTON STREET



Now is the time for your

ESKA NOHEET PERMANENT

ESKA is tops in cold waves and it is tons for beauty, comfort and coolness. For ESKA is cool—no electrical heat, no chemical heat, no heat of any kind. So phone for your appointment, and when the summer's heat is on you will be grateful you had your ESKA wave NOW.

ESKA Noheet 10.00 ESKA De Luxe 15.00

BEAUTY SALON

Mezzanine Floor

Phone Ken. 7520

Shore and Country

By THE RESORTER

ESCAPING THE HEAT AND HUMIDITY OF THE city many Bostonians are enjoying the refreshing sea breezes as they blow in off the coast of Maine. Especially popular with the resorters is Kennebunk, where Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant of Brookline have once again opened their very attractive summer home.

With them for a brief spell are their two lovely daughters, Mrs. Louise Shriner of California who is spending a few weeks in the East, and Mrs. Richard Monahan of Newport, R. I., and the latter's adorable son, Dickie, who was joined by his daddy, Lt. Richard Monahan, USN, stationed at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. William Junker of Boston are at Goose Rocks. Also here are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jeffrey of Somerville and Mrs. Alice Jeffrey, accompanied by her sister, of Dracut.

Vacationing at Cape Porpoise are Cecile deBanke and Eleanor Blair of Wellesley . . . Russell Doane, Stoneham . . . and Mrs. F. W. Rice and daughter, Dorothea, of Brighton.

Mrs. James H. H. of Malden, Mrs. Kate Allen, Hubert Peard, and Annie Allen of Cambridgeport, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Littlefield of Medford, with her daughter, Ellen, and Marion Clark of Cambridge are also here.

From Salem . . . Mrs. B. H. Fearing and Mrs. Charles Lamson are spending a while at Kennebunkport.

VACATIONERS AT FORTUNES ROCK are Mr. and Mrs. John Brower of Melrose, who are spending a few weeks at their cottage . . . Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wedger, and daughter, Marjorie, of Newton, here for July.

Travelers stopping here include Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Howe, and son, Craig; Mr. and Mrs. Roger Howe, and son, Bradford; and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bostock; Mr. and Mrs. Butler Burrage of Lowell, and their daughter, Cynthia, are at the beach for the month of July.

Spending a few weeks at Kennebunk Beach are Mrs. Della Colbroth, Mrs. Raymond E. Stanfield, and daughter, Nancy Jean, and Brian Moore, all of Springfield.

Recent arrivals at the new Tanner Inn at Fortunes Rock include Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth Provandie, Malden; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Young, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. Everett W. Crawford, Newton; and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Horwood, Winchester.

Also here are Mrs. Milo G. Robbins, Mrs. Horace C. Page, Mrs. Edward B. Bell, Beverly, and Janet Bell of Lowell. J. L. Center of Springfield is also at the Inn.

At Popham Beach for the season are Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell and sons, Robert, Everett and Edwin of Newtonville . . . Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Towne, Waltham . . . Mrs. Henry Lockwood, and daughter, Elizabeth, and sons, Kenneth and Charles of Rockport . . . and Miss Frank Pfeiffer of Worcester.

THE COMING WEEK augurs to be an exceptionally active one in the vicinity of Laconia for the

visitors are making plans to attend the Elks Carnival opening on Wednesday, and continuing through Saturday . . . as well as the elaborate Civil Air Patrol Parade scheduled to take place on Saturday.

Among the resorters from the Bay State here are Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bryant of Brockton, Rhea P. Goodwin of South Attleboro and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rodenhiser of Watertown at the Laconia Tavern.

Staying at Winnepesaukee Farm are Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Goodwin . . . Mr. and Mrs. James B. Ryan of West Roxbury; Mr. and Mrs. John Duffy, Taunton; Mrs. C. C. Hutchinson, Cambridge; Norma R. Hilliard and sister, Evelyn, of Beverly.

Everettites here include Marie Duffy, Mary Motroni, Mary Silvano and Alice Mosquito. Also enjoying the days at this resort are Andrew E. Moody of Methuen . . . Kathleen M. McKay of Lawrence . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lewis K. McNally of Melrose . . . and Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Harnish, with their children Robert, Stuart and Deborah, of Waltham.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Leard of Norwood, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Mitchell of Wakefield and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Bogue of Belmont, are also at Winnepesaukee Farm.

At Graystone Inn are Helen Bertha and Florence Murphy and Rosella McLaughlin of Brighton . . . Miriam Rardin, Helen Bengtson of Waltham . . . Mr. and Mrs. George Carlton and Mr. and Mrs. E. Munroe Brown of Marblehead . . . and John Gilgo of Swampscott.

HOLIDAYING AT King's Grant Inn are Mrs. Gertrude Baldwin and Mrs. Anne Barone of Everett; Olea Giancola and Charles Reardon of Roxbury.

Also here are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tweedie of Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. Perley Tribow of Saugus, Hermine Gilcher of Boston, Elsie Galonek of Southbridge,

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MRS. EDWARD ANDREW JEWETT, the former Marie K. Pasqualino, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Pasqualino of Somerville, who became the bride of Pvt. Edward Andrew Jewett, son of Mrs. Walter Jewett of Cuba.

Newton Gray Ladies Aid War Effort

UNDER THE DIRECTION of Mrs. Joseph F. Wogan of Newton, the Gray Ladies are doing much to lighten the burdens of the servicemen at the Marine Hospital in Brighton.

CLEAR WEAVE

Take Your Sun In Fun!

Yes . . . it's fun to go all outdoors in these beguiling pinaflore sun-catchers . . . so charming . . . and cool and fresh as a tea breeze!

SIZES 9 TO 15

(A) "SWEETHEART" Charming, versatile button-down back pinaflore fashioned of solid chambray in blue green, beige, red.

(B) "SUN-CATCHER" Inspiring new rayon printed spun tie-shoulder, in lovely flower-drenched pattern—rose, purple, blue, luggage.

\$2.99

Double Duty PLAYMATES

Feminine-fresh pinaflores based for lots of sun—bright colorful playmates that double as dresses or fun-to-wear clothes . . . Appropriate to wear for all summer occasions . . . indoors or out.

MAIL ORDER COUPON

Shop at Your Nearest Clear Weave Store or Mail to:

CLEAR WEAVE, P. O. Box 2338, Boston, Mass.

Please send me . . . (A) Pinaflores and (B) Sun-catcher at \$2.99 each.

☐ C.O.D. ☐ PARCEL POST ☐ CASH CHECK MONEY ORDER

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Prompt Delivery By Mail

ON SALE AT THE FOLLOWING CLEAR WEAVE STORES:

BOSTON, MASS.	2225 WASHINGTON STREET (ROXBURY)
MASSACHUSETTS	Hyannis
Somerville	Norwood
Fitchburg	Haverhill
Lynn	Beverly
Melrose	Framingham
Springfield	Lawrence
NEW HAMPSHIRE	Manchester
MAINE	Portland
	Augusta

For Permanent Remembrance! A Beautiful Cut-Out PORTRAIT of your Loved One

Hand colored in lifelike oils. Cut out and mounted on durable plywood, to stand 12 inches high. Set in hand stippled gold finish wooden base. Colors will not fade. A strikingly beautiful, permanent work of art for your home!



Simply mail us a clear snapshot, photograph or negative, together with the filled out coupon below.

\$5 Complete! Send check, money order or we will mail C. O. D.

Color Eyes _____ Color Hair _____

Color Dress (Suit) _____

I am enclosing a photograph, snapshot or negative.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill out the coupon and MAIL NOW while this special offer lasts. A permanent remembrance of your loved one.

ANTHETTE, 87 Portland St., Boston

Leatherette Slack Scuffs at Clyde's, \$1.99



Effort take a pair of these gay, sturdy scuffs to kick around with on your vacation . . . they're just the thing for slacks or play togs . . . navy or red leatherette with long wearing synthetic soles . . . 4 to 8, no coupon necessary, only \$1.99. Clyde's Shoe Store is at 455 Washington Street. Add 15c for mail orders.



Beverly Fair Planned

MUCH EXCITEMENT is going into the preparations for the gala fair to be held at St. John's Church, Beverly Farms, on Thursday, July 27, when under the direction of Mrs. Nathaniel Simpkins, a review of the summer socials during the past 10 years will be presented.

Alice Thorndike and Mrs. Thomas McEneaney are arranging a most attractive outdoor luncheon. Serving on the committee are Mrs. Russell Burroughs, Mrs. Bradford Burnham, Mrs. William I. Webber, Mrs. Frederick Fleetwood, Mrs. Ward Thorne, Mrs. Lyon Weyburn and Caroline Pousland.

Other enthusiastic workers include Mrs. Alvin Sortwell, Mrs. Alfred Sweet, Elizabeth Pousland, Mrs. J. Tuckerman Dick, Mrs. Augustus Rantous and Mrs. Theodore Rehm.

Enjoying the July days at their summer home in Manchester are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S.

Blumer of Boston, accompanied by their daughters, Mrs. Chandler Hovey, Jr. and Mrs. Ralph Hornblower, Jr.

At "Liberty Hall," their shore house in Beverly Farms, are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barbour of Boston. Also from Boston are Mr. and Mrs. Francis I. Amory, at "Rose Lodge," Beverly Farms.

Among the resorters at Manchester are Mr. and Mrs. Louis Curtis of Chestnut Hill, with their daughters, Anita Abbott, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Abbott of Boston, are at the Farms. The Alexander Wheelers of Boston are at Manchester.

Opening their house at Smith's Point are Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Brewer of Boston. At Prid's Crossing is M. G. Haughton, also of Boston.

Come On! Let's Get Started on Yvonne's 12 Streamlining Treatments for \$15

That is every woman's wish and wish comes true at MADAM YVONNE'S famous streamlining salon—where inches come off from "here and there" (wherever needed). MADAM YVONNE'S famous treatments include the "Magne Rollers," that not only take pounds off without effort on your part, but pep you up to a new exhilarating glow of radiant health. Have MADAM YVONNE give you a figure analysis (free) now. YVONNE, 127 Tremont St., Opp. Park St. Call HUB. 0846. Open 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.



Mass. Folk At Shore

RETURNING TO THE Gables at Kennebunk Beach for her 50th season is Mrs. Charles N. Peabody of Longwood Towers, Brookline, who recently entertained the members of her family at a gala celebration in honor of her 90th birthday.

Arrivals from Massachusetts spending the season at Maine summer spots include Mrs. Joshua Holden and daughter, Mary, Boston, at York Harbor. The Rev. and Mrs. Crawford O. Smith, Lexington, at York Beach.

At Kennebunk Beach are Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Tate and daughter, Barbara, Haverhill; Mr. and Mrs. G. Clark Brooks, Reading; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Stenbridge and daughter, Polly, also of Reading; Mrs. John E. Curtin and sons, Jay and Paul, Watertown, at "Sea-Berry."

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Stuntzner and family, Norwood, at "Barberry Lodge," Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Hall, Sr., Malden, at "Hallebacken"; Mrs. James McHutchinson, Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Shaeffer and daughters, Suzanne and Linda, West Newton, are at the beach.

Also here are Mr. and Mrs. John Doherty, Winchester; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Reed, Westwood; Mrs. Mary A. Casey, Quincy, and Mrs. M. H. Marum, Methuen, at "Brine Breath," at Kennebunkport. Miss M. A. Holbrook, South Weymouth, at Bluff Beach.

Chelsea Girl Bride Of Ensign Thompson

MR. AND MRS. EVERETT K. HAMMILL of Garland st., Chelsea, announce the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Lorraine, to Ensign John W. Thompson, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke of Warwick rd., Watertown, at the Community Church, Miami Beach, Florida.

The ceremony performed by the Rev. Dr. Scott took place on the 22nd anniversary of bride's parents. An alumna of Boston University, Mrs. Thompson was previously employed in Boston. Her husband attended Tufts College and presently is at a sub-chapter school in Miami where the couple will live. Ensign Thompson has recently returned from South America.

From Wellesley, Mrs. William Danforth, is at Wianno. Mr. and Mrs. Albin Danforth of Winchester; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rockwood; and Mrs. Pierce Permain of Cambridge, are also relaxing at this smart vacation spot.



A RECENT BRIDE . . . Mrs. Prevost A. Henderson, the former Helen Mary Ronca, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo N. Ronca of Roslindale . . . who plighted her troth to Prevost A. Henderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Henderson of Dorchester. The bridegroom is now with the infantry overseas.

"Fairmeadow" Scene Of Annual Party

ALTHOUGH STILL two weeks off residents on the South Shore are getting ready to turn out for the annual summer fair to be held by the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Duxbury, on Aug. 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph T. Staller will play hostess to the gathering at their lovely home, "Fairmeadow." Making plans for the big day are Mrs. Warren D. Bigelow, Susan E. Carter, Mrs. Charles Olsen, Mrs. Lawrence W. Glass and Elsie Haller.

Other members of the committee will include Mrs. John Loring, Mrs. Horace Soule, Mrs. Robert Thompson, Mrs. John Westervelt, Jr., Sara Paulding, Mrs. Malcolm Brock, Mrs. William Coffin, Mrs. Ralph Lawson and Mrs. Robert Miller.

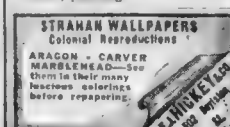
Also Mrs. Oliver Hogue, Mrs. James Coombs, Alice Henderson, Frances Howland, Mrs. Alcide DeAndrea, Mrs. Francis House, Mrs. Sidney Kimber and Mrs. Roy Moody.

Resorters Summer On South Shore

SPENDING THE season on Massachusetts' famous South Shore are Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Farnsworth of Chestnut Hill, who have as their guests their daughter, Mrs. Frank B. Lawson, and her son. Another daughter, Mrs. John E. Andersen, with her two little daughters, is at Duxbury for the summer.

Also in Duxbury are Mrs. Florence H. Soule of Brookline, at "Hautboy Castle" . . . Dr. and Mrs. Francis W. Palfrey of Boston, accompanied by their daughter, Virginia, and son, George . . . and Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Danner of Waban, with their daughters, Sally and Joan.

A weekly visitor . . . taking off from the Duxbury docks . . . is Sarah Wingate Taylor of Brookline who heads for her house and victory garden on beautiful Clark's Island. Down for the season is Mrs. Elizabeth Watson of Rock Bay, who manages to spend much of her leisure, painting.



Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Pvt. Anne Patricia Hernan of 81 Wintthrop st., Brookline, is receiving her basic instructions at the Third WAC Training Center at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. Her two brothers are serving in the Army, Lt. Thomas Cruise, in Alaska, and Sgt. James Cruise, in North Carolina.

After spending many months with the A. N. C. in Australia, Lt. Ethel M. Cerdin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Armand Cardin of Cambridge, is enjoying a well-earned rest at the Mammoth House, Poland Springs, Me., where her parents are sojourning.

WAVE Eleanor May Nickerson, Ph. C., daughter of Mrs. Enos Nickerson of 34 Edgeworth rd., Atlantic, is stationed at the Naval Hospital in Newport, R.I. Her father was the late Capt. Enos Nickerson, for many years a high-line fishing skipper out of Boston.

Back to her home state is the new assignment for Pvt. Frances Michael, daughter of Thomas Michael of 99 East Canton st., Boston, who has been transferred to the WAC detachment at Lovell General Hospital, Ft. Devens. She was formerly at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

Pvt. Frances Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gould of 63 Kenwood st., Brookline, has recently arrived at an Eighth AEF composite station in England. She is employed as an aircraft statistician. Her two sisters, Pvt. Nancy Gould is a member of the WACs at Ft. Adams, R. I., and Pvt. Ruth Gould is at Carlisle, N. M. A brother, Larry, is a radio man with the Navy.

Ens. June Way, USNR(W), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bradley Way of So. Sudbury, became the bride of Willard Lee Norman, son of Mrs. Lenora Norman of Plainfield, N. J. The bride is stationed in Bayonne, N. J.

WACs serving in the Mediterranean area, who have been awarded good conduct ribbons include Jean M. James, 120 Auburndale, and West Newton, and Esther C. Lindberg, daughter of Mrs. Ida Lindberg, 32 Mason st., Springfield.

Attached to the Pope Field Army Air Base, an installation of the Troop Carrier Command, in No. Carolina, are PFC. Esther Ada King, daughter of Edward J. King of 5 Pond st., Newburyport, whose brother is in the Navy, and Pvt. Marion Ruth Macular, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Macular of 23 Otis st., Melrose. She has a brother in the Army.



ARLENE RUTH BARDEN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Conley W. Barden of 40 Forest st., Methuen, who is engaged to wed CPO Anthony Calanzano, USN, son of Mrs. M. Calanzano of 29 Simpson ave., Somerville.

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

Long, long ago, when we had nylons . . . remember? . . . most of us who were over 20 were stockings most of the time. Since nylons disappeared, however, women of all ages have learned to go bare-legged all summer, to the office or the Red Cross as well as to the beach.

That's just fine, too. It's cooler and more comfortable. And no one raises an eyebrow today even if grandmothers go stockingless if their legs are faultlessly groomed.

But that's a big "If". Goodness knows we get nuder every summer, and there's no guessing where it is going to stop. And the scantier our costumes, the more absolutely essential it is to eliminate all superfluous hair. Your shins may be bare, but if so they must be satin-smooth!

Years ago the removal of unwanted hair was a messy and often painful business. We lacerated ourselves with razors rather than use some of the nastily-smelling removers that were available. Today that is all past, and there is really no excuse for downy legs when you can get a smooth, white, pleasantly scented cream that gives you soft smooth underpinnings.

Shaving your legs is a risky business, with the possibility of cuts and even infection. Besides, it encourages the growth of hair, and causes it to grow in thicker. This cream remover does the whole job in from 6 to 15 minutes.

You simply spread the cream evenly over the skin, covering all the hair you want to be rid of, about one-sixth of an inch thick. You don't rub it in. Just relax for a few minutes, and then wash or wipe the cream off with a damp cloth. It's like magic.

I'll be glad to tell you the name of this wonder-worker if you will call the Beauty Department, Liberty 4000, or write me, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Pattern



Pattern 9240 comes in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 16, 3/4 yards 35-inch. Blouse or pantie-blouse optional. This pattern, together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, 25 cents. Send 20 cents in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Pattern Dept., 243 West 17th st., New York 11, N. Y. Write plainly size, name, address, style number.

On The Side

By E. V. DURLING

I once had a song that I cherished.
But that sweet song is gone.
When the heart has loved and perished,
Then all our singing is done.
—Heine.

ABOVE WAS written after the poet had been double-crossed by a blue-eyed female named Amalie. Heine carried the torch for Amalie for some time. He wrote over 100 poems about his unfortunate love affair. However, he finally recovered and did smile again.

Don't know exactly how many German generals have been taken prisoners of war so far, but 20 are confined in the same camp as Rudolf Hess. None of these generals speak to Herr Hess. The Prussian generals not only refuse to converse with Hess, but will not talk to the Bavarian generals who are fellow prisoners. When any general passes Hess he frowns fiercely. When a Prussian general passes a Bavarian general they frown fiercely at each other. That must be quite an unusual collection of sour pussies.

What film scenes have you laughed at most in the past five years? That question was asked British film fans. The scene most laughed at turned out to be Betty Hutton trying to climb over the wall in "Star Spangled Rhythm." Other scenes, getting many votes were Cary Grant learning to knit in "Mr. Lucky," Bob Hope posing as a statue in "The Road to Morocco," Ronald Russell forced to do the Conga with a dozen Brazilian sailors in "My Sister Eileen," Bob Hope wrestling with a gorilla in "The Road to Zanzibar," the "If Men Played Cards as Women Do" scene in "Star Spangled Rhythm" and Victor Moore demonstrating his kitchen gadget inventions in "True to Life."

QUERIES FROM clients: Q—Isn't it a fact you can always trust a red-haired man? A—Well, nearly always. George Washington and many other great and honest men have had red hair. On the other hand, Judas Iscariot had red hair, too. Q—As to the song, "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley." I understand there was such an alley in New York city. Where was it? A—Paradise alley was somewhere on Chry at, on the East Side of Manhattan. . . Q—In naming celebrated men who owned cats you left out Dick Whittington, three times lord mayor of London. Shame on you. Your history teacher should blush a hundred blushes and mail you a dunce cap. A—Sir Richard Whittington, wealthy merchant and lord mayor of London, never owned a cat at any time in his life. You seem to have taken a legend too seriously.

Ward Greene, novelist, responsible for that powerfully written best seller of yesterday.

Escape
Gray Hair

Simply wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it similar to its former natural shade. In one day if you wish. Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and dazzling new color even after shampooing, rinsing or washing.

Canute Water
• Pure, harmless and crystal-clear.
• Proved harmless at one of America's Greatest Universities. • REALLY SAFE! Skin test NOT needed. • 50 years without injury to a single user.
No other product can make all these claims new 8 Appl. Size. \$1.15 at drug stores

year, "Death in the Deep South." This was later made into a great film. Mr. Greene's most recent novel, "What They Don't Know," has a New York stenographer as its heroine. There may have been other novels that had Manhattan stenographers for heroines, but I don't remember them. . . Alfred Hitchcock, Hollywoodian, has reduced 22 pounds in less than a year. Now weighs 160. System he used for reduction was simple. He stopped eating so much.

IN her early youth in Stockholm Greta Garbo was a barber. So states a film reporter. Very interesting. No doubt Greta still knows how to shave. She should offer, as part of the war bond drive, to shave every man who buys a thousand-dollar bond. Admission to see Garbo shaving should be a hundred-dollar bond. Of course, the slogan for this campaign would be "Garbo Shaves!"

Another fellow who could tear a New York telephone book in two with his bare hands was Count Felix von Luckner. The count could also bend a half-dollar with his thumb and fingers. Don't know whether Joe Bonomo can do that or not. I'll ask next time I see him. . . Chevrons used as rank insignia on uniforms in United States and British armies originated in the French army of Louis XIV. Name is supposed by French word for goat. The chevrons resemble the horns of a goat. British chevrons are the reverse in position to those of United States soldiers. The British, therefore, have them upside down. United States Army chevrons are correct.

IN 1941 the Nazis were singing "We March against England." Now the German military bands heard on broadcasts are playing a tune titled "Wir Verteidigen Unsere Heimat," which means "Our Homes We Defend." . . Am told there lived in Elwood, Ind., a Mr. and Mrs. Chancy Moreland, whose total weight was 3200 pounds. My informant does not state the separate weights of this massive couple, but says Mrs. Moreland was "about seven feet tall."

"My wife always clipped your column and mailed it to me," writes a U. S. Navy man now in the hospital at Santa Cruz, Cal. "I read it even at night. I expect to be discharged from the hospital soon and can hardly wait for the day when I will say 'Good-bye, California. Brooklyn, here I come!'" . . . Certainly seems to be a lot of Kellys in this war. A San Francisco family of Kellys has four members in the forces. Joe in the Navy, John the Army, Tom the Marines and Anita the SPARS.



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Faithful Friends

By EVE JOLLY

"God gives special grace to those who love their little sisters and brothers, the birds and beasts."—ST. FRANCIS ASSISI.

IT'S cruel propaganda that cats are "not affectionate." "Impossible to leash and train" and "difficult to teach tricks." When one who understands cats hears such remarks he well knows that the speaker has never owned a cat, or hasn't taken time to understand his pet.

Cats, to my knowledge are self sufficient, but they most certainly are affectionate and easier to train than any other house pet. The whole fault lies in the fact that people who own them usually pay them very little attention. Without time spent, and understanding given, no animal will develop in the arts considered important by humans.

There's no more likely pet, for small quarters than a cat. Given a few toys, a catnip "tree" and clean sand box, a kitten will grow to happy, healthful maturity. And of course, it's not only absurd, but ignorant as well, to label domestic cats as "disease carriers."

As to intelligence, cats can be taught any trick or habit you wish to teach them. Many of my friends have leashed broken cats that are walked daily, and behave excellently, in traffic.

Most cats are fine travelers. "Tiger," for instance, who lives in Long Beach, California, travels to all conventions and meetings held by Golden State Post, 279, Veterans of Foreign Wars, wearing an official uniform. He shakes hands, sells bonds, and distributes costumed pictures of himself for donations. The Post uses money derived from the sale of Tiger's picture for the Orphan's Home Fund. Tiger salutes the flag, and says his prayers, but he's no pure bred, and he preens in the sun and sleeps in a tiny ball just as your own cat does.

Yes, a basket of kittens can become accomplished, affectionate pets. All they need is patient, kindly understanding owners!

Eve Jolly's interesting column, "Faithful Friends," is a weekly feature of the Boston Sunday Advertiser. Watch for her next article on household pets which will appear in this paper next Sunday.



"Tiger," official mascot of the Golden State Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Long Beach, Cal., travels to conventions and is an excellent war bond salesman.

VARICOSE VEINS
Need Not Keep You From Moving

Beautiful Legs
A 2-way stretch stocking that gives perfect support. Thin, durable, no wrinkles. Priced from \$1.25 each. Mail order.

ALLEN PATSON COMPANY
110 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
3rd floor

Advertisement

When the Weather Report looks like this:
TEMPERATURE 86° HUMIDITY 78%

It is then that women grow more grateful than ever for Tampax!

Hot and humid days make women more grateful than ever that they have discovered Tampax—monthly sanitary protection without belts, pins or external pads. . . Not a bit of extra weight or warmth can be blamed on Tampax. Odor does not form. Chafing is impossible. . . And all of this because Tampax is worn internally! . . . Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton and absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super and Junior.

Why don't you investigate Tampax thoroughly? Millions of other women are now using this modern, efficient method. Package containing average month's supply costs 29¢ and the economy box at 68¢ lasts about 4 months! Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



WEEI WBZ WNAC WHDH WMEX

Columbia 890 KC National 1630 KC Mutual 1280 KC Blue 880 KC 1610 KC

8:00 News; Music; Waltz Time 12:00 Rev. Crawford Religious Hour
8:15 Sacred Heart; News; Waltz Time 12:15 Rev. Crawford Religious Hour
8:30 Song Circle; Evangelical Hrs. News 12:30 Swedenborg; Waltz Time
8:45 Song Circle; Evangelical Hrs. News 12:45 Swedenborg; Waltz Time
9:00 WCOP; Serenade Music 8:30 WORL; Church Service

9:00 World News; World News 12:00 Rev. J. Zeller News; Waltz Time
9:15 Organ Music; Church School; Rev. J. Zeller News; Home of Truth
9:30 Organ Music; NBC String 12:15 Rev. J. Zeller News; Home of Truth
9:45 News 12:30 Quaker 12:45 Rev. J. Zeller News; Home of Truth
9:50 WCOP Italian Hour 9:00 WORL; Albanian Music

10:00 Church of Bible Talk 12:00 Bible Class; Israel Drama; Morn's Tunes
10:15 The Air 12:15 Bible Class; Israel Drama; Modern Music
10:30 Over Jordan; Words-Music 12:30 Weather Report; Park St. Church; Modern Music
10:45 Over Jordan; Words-Music 12:45 Symphonette; Park St. Church; Christian Sci.
10:50 WCOP Italian Hour 10:30 WORL; Polish Program

11:00 News; Choir; Rockies 12:00 Church St. Pol; Park St. Church; Christian
11:15 Blue Jackets Rhapsody 12:15 Church St. Pol; Park St. Church; Science
11:30 Learn's Int'l. Labor Speaks; Church St. Pol; Park St. Church; Church
11:45 Learn's Int'l. Labor Speaks; Church St. Pol; Park St. Church; Service
11:50 WCOP; Freidrich Kabtzen 11:00 WORL; News and Music

NOON News 12:00 Rev. J. Zeller News; Italian Music; News
12:15 News Analyst; High Sch. Man; Rev. J. Zeller News; Spotlight
12:30 People to Pile; Stradivari; Catholic Truth; Matinee Music; La Rosa Music
12:45 People to Pile; Stradivari; Catholic Truth; Matinee Music; La Rosa Music
12:00 WCOP; Freidrich 12:00 WORL; News; 920 Club

1:00 On Benca St; News 12:00 Village Choir; Playhouse
1:15 News 12:15 Political; Herb Lewis; Magic Carpet; Italian Tunes
1:30 Talks 12:30 Round Table; Musicale; Song Calende; Joseph Tall
1:45 From London; Round Table; Musicale; Song Calende; Joseph Tall
1:00 WCOP; Polish Program 1:00 WORL; News; 920 Club

2:00 Dangerously; Rocket Planes; Sky Riders; Song Calende; Waltz Music
2:15 Tunes 2:00 For the Girls; Sky Riders; Song Calende; Waltz Music
2:30 World News; J. C. Thomas; Leo Castle; Sammy Kaye; Christian Sci.
2:45 World News; J. C. Thomas; Leo Castle; Sammy Kaye; Christian Sci.
2:30 WCOP; Hellenic Dawn 2:30 WORL; Parade of Hits

3:00 N.Y. Symph's World Parade; Fort Dix; Music Review; Swedish Tunes
3:15 N.Y. Symph's World Parade; Soldier Show; Music Review; Swedish Tunes
3:30 N.Y. Symph's World Parade; Traveler; Music Review; Swedish Tunes
3:45 N.Y. Symph's World Parade; Pleasant Hill Church; Music Review; Swedish Tunes
3:00 WORL; News; 920 Club

4:00 N.Y. Symph's World Parade; Lutheran Hour; Fall of Hits; Treasury
4:15 N.Y. Symph's World Parade; Lutheran Hour; Fall of Hits; Treasury
4:30 Percy Faith; Lands of America; World of Song; Light Opera
4:45 Percy Faith; Lands of America; World of Song; Light Opera
4:15 WCOP; Rescue Mission 4:00 WORL; News; 920 Club

5:00 Family Hour; NBC Symph's; Green Valley; Mary Small; Light Opera
5:15 Family Hour; NBC Symph's; Green Valley; Mary Small; Light Opera
5:30 Family Hour; NBC Symph's; Building Dr. M.; Hot Copy; Dance Session
5:45 Family Hour; NBC Symph's; Building Dr. M.; Hot Copy; Dance Session
5:00 WCOP; Mornen Service 5:00 WORL; Coast Guard Show

6:00 Silver Then; Catholic Hour; Band Parade; Summer Hour; Tremont Type
6:15 Silver Then; Catholic Hour; Baseball; Summer Hour; Tremont Type
6:30 Fair America's Men at Sea; Upton Class; Summer Hour; Ave Maria
6:45 Fair America's Men at Sea; Upton Class; Summer Hour; Ave Maria
6:00 WCOP; American Legion 6:00 WORL; News; 920 Club

7:00 News 6:00 All Time Hit; Revival Hour; Drew Pearson; Classic Album
7:15 News 6:15 Parade; Revival Hour; Stage Door; Classic Album
7:30 Eddie Garr; Bandwagon; Revival Hour; Quiz Kids; Classic Album
7:45 Eddie Garr; Bandwagon; Revival Hour; Quiz Kids; Classic Album
7:00 WCOP; Park Street Church 7:00 WORL; News; 920 Club

8:00 W. Pidgeon; Grace Fields; Mediation Br.; Village Choir; Church Service
8:15 W. Pidgeon; Grace Fields; Mediation Br.; Ba Ball Scores; Church Service
8:30 Crime Doctor; Fox Mas's; Mediation Br.; Headlines; Church Service
8:45 Crime Doctor; Fox Mas's; Mediation Br.; Headlines; Church Service
8:45 WCOP; Beyond Victory

9:00 Readers Duet; Merry Go-Round; Walter; W. Winchell; Revival Hour
9:15 Readers Duet; Merry Go-Round; Hampden; B. Basin Street; Revival Hour
9:30 Jax, Melton; Fam'lar Music; Music Quiz; B. Basin Street; Revival Hour
9:45 Jax, Melton; Fam'lar Music; Music Quiz; B. Basin Street; Revival Hour
9:00 WCOP; Concert Hour

10:00 Phil Baker; Hr. of Charm; Good Will Hr.; Life of Riley; News; Scores
10:15 Phil Baker; Hr. of Charm; Good Will Hr.; Life of Riley; Irish Tunes
10:30 Ewe The Sles Tremayes; Good Will Hr.; Convention; Pan-America
10:45 People Sles Tremayes; Good Will Hr.; Preview; Aray Voice
10:45 WCOP; NBC News

11:00 News; W'ther; News; Waltz Time 12:00 Rev. J. Zeller News; Waltz Time
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5:00 WCOP; Mornen Service 5:00 WORL; Coast Guard Show

Gay Mason Stars

The Valley Players are offering "Blind Alley" as their annual mystery-thriller at the Mountain Park Casino, Holyoke, beginning Tuesday. Leading roles go to Gaylord Mason and John O'Connor.

"Blind Alley" is a psychological approach to the familiar gangster story. By the power of suggestion, a young college professor drives the killer to his own destruction.

Beginning Tuesday, July 25, the Valley Players will present the first production on any stage

of a new play, "Made in Heaven," by Marjory Roy Bolton. Moving picture rights have already been bought by R. K. O.

PHILCO

Presents A Summer Program of Music and Song

RADIO HALL OF FAME ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Paul Whiteman conductor

Hi, Lo, Jack and the Dame Evelyn Knight Bob Johnston and Guest Stars

WHDH 6:17 P.M. TODAY

WHDH 6:17 P.M. TODAY

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SUNDAY ADVERTISING PICTORIAL REVIEW
BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 16, 1944—Page 23

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G.P.L. TABLETS have never been sold as a cure for high blood pressure. They are to be considered as aid to the relief of the patient's headache and dizziness associated with high blood pressure.

If you suffer from the torturing pains of high blood pressure try G. P. L. Tablets. They provide relief of your headache or dizziness without interfering with your sleep.

Through the use of a special process and their chocolate coating they are without taste and odor and may be taken freely without restriction or offense to others.

G. P. L. Tablets often aid in providing an easier and more pleasant relief of dizziness and headache associated with high blood pressure.

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At Ogunquit Playhouse

"The Luck," a new play by Reginald Denham and Edward Percy, authors of "Ladies in Retirement," opens tomorrow night at the Ogunquit Playhouse.

"The Luck" is a melodrama with a locale in Oxford, England, and concerns the psychological breakdown of a young English aesthete.

James Gannon will have the leading role, with Augusta French, Eugenia Rawls and Clarence Derwent featured in the cast.

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VICTOR JORY

A LOVE THAT DARE NOT LOSE
...ROMANCE THAT LIVES

TUNE IN TODAY

2 P. M. - WEEI

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TO ALL HOUSEHOLD PESTS!

There's an
Edgar A. Murray Co.

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for
ROACHES
BEDBUGS - ANTS
MOTHS - MICE FLIES
Kills Them All

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GRANADA CRT. RAL 7654
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

STRAND 3:45-5:30 RAL 7654
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

MYSTIC CONTINUOUS RAL 7654
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

ORPHEUM MAT. 3:45-5:30 RAL 7654
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

AUDITORIUM "GOING MY WAY"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

MAPLEWOOD CONTINUOUS 3:45-5:30
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

MEDFORD DANCY KISS-BANG THERE
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

CONTINUOUS "SCARLET CLAW"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

NORTH STATION "SCARLET CLAW"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

LANCASTER UNCLE NED'S
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

"LADY AND MONSTER" "PASSPORT
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

THE QUINCY "GOING MY WAY"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

STRAND "GOING MY WAY"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

REVERE "GOING MY WAY"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"
Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"

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Lips: Robert Rynn, "THE BURGLES"



DOROTHEA JACKSON and Ted Leavitt have parental problems in the Ephron baby-face, "3 Is a Family," still at the Colonial.



BETTY HUTTON and Fred MacMurray in a scene from "And the Angels Sing," which will open at the Metropolitan next Thursday.



TOUSSAINT and Gregory Peck—Days of Glory—coming to the Metropolitan.



CARY GRANT and Ed Donaldson in "Upon a Time," at the State and Orpheum Thursday.

No 'Longer a Kid Sister, Miss Lynn Now Glamorous

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor International News Service
HOLLYWOOD.

DIANA LYNN, who has been everyone's kid sister in movies on the Paramount lot, has at long last gone glamorous. The dazzling young lady with the blonde curls and the black lace form-fitting dress looked anything but the awkward-age brat, when I paid her a visit on the set of "Out of This World."

She was all dolled up for her role of the leader of a girl orchestra and loved it. Diana, aged 17, is young enough to get a kick out of looking pretty, and I think she can be pardoned if she preened a bit and acted grown up. My visit to Diana was made at the request of some 100 or more readers of my column, who demanded I do an interview with this very popular young lady.

I make it a point to please special requests from young people of 'teen age because these are the most avid motion picture fans. So here goes: Diana first made a place in the hearts of these youthful fans in "The Major and the Minor," and then again when she was Betty Hutton's kid sister in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

"I have played so many brats," she told me, "that I want to get away from that type of role."

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "Helen Hayes is my favorite actress and I want to do serious plays—dramas—and not confine myself to comedy."

DIANA BELIEVES she should have a season of summer stock and, when she is older, is going to try the stage via the "Cape-Cod route."

I asked what she did in her leisure hours—if she danced or had dates.

She said, "Oh, of course I have dates, but I don't go to night clubs. I like to dance—not those rapid, crazy jitterbug steps, but calm dancing."

There is a great deal of dignity in this 17-year-old, who has spent most of her years studying the piano. Her mother, a piano teacher, saw to it she practiced five to six hours a day, and the result is any time she tires of movies she can be a concert pianist. Few people realized what a finished musician's kid sister in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."



Louella Parsons

Arthur Fiedler will open the 16th consecutive season of his Esplanade concerts next Thursday evening at the Hatch Memorial shell on Embankment rd., foot of Mt. Vernon st. The starting hour this year will be 8:30, after two seasons of earlier starts imposed by the dimout. There will be concerts nightly, except Mondays, through Aug. 16.

Concerts for young people, but open to all, will be presented on four Wednesday mornings at 10:15—July 26, Aug. 2, 9, 16. Admission is free. Support of the concerts is on the plan "contribute if you wish." Gifts to the Esplanade Concerts Fund are being received by the Merchants National Bank, Copley sq. branch.

OPENING NIGHT Thursday, July 26 Hungarian March, "Rakoczy" Classical Symphony Promotory "Sleepers Awake," from Cantata 140 Overture to "Oberon" Ballet Music from "Aida" Prelude to "Le Diable" (Solo violin: Gaston Blais) (Solo violin: Gaston Blais) Salutes to Our Fighting Forces Arranged by Dodge

'3 Is a Family' Babies Have a New Auntie Irma

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

THERE'S a new Aunt Irma in "3 Is a Family" at the Colonial. Aunt Irma, if you know your Ephron baby-face—and you certainly should now that its in its 11th week here—is the spinster sister who has some of the show's choicest wise cracks.

Aunt Irma it is who won't sleep on the living room collapsible davenport. It's Aunt Irma who doesn't like babies—and there are plenty of them in "3 Is a Family." It's Aunt Irma who be-devils her brother-in-law because years back he lost her spinster's mite in a stock market flyer.

It's a nice, fat part, and the new incumbent, Miss Edith Graham, plays it to the hilt. Miss Graham, although the Red Cross will deny it, says she has sawdust in her veins. To the uninitiate, that strictly Variety expression derives from the circus, where the children of performers were suspected of not only absorbing the atmosphere of the tarboke, but the physical props as well.

SHE IS THE daughter of Herbert Graham, one of the most prominent New York stage directors of the last generation and a leading man for many years in Augustin Daly's famous company. During his years of repertory there he met and married Martha Ford, an actress, who was the daughter of John P. Ford, owner of the celebrated Ford Theater in Washington where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated—and himself the son of actors before him.

AFTER THE graduation from the American Academy she appeared in such well remembered plays as George M. Cohan's "Whispering Friend," "Girls in Uniform" and the Norman Bel-Geddes' "Hamlet," which starred Raymond Massey in the role of the Gloomy Prince. Later she appeared in "Sing Out the News," the musical comedy which introduced the great song, "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones." Then she played successfully in "On Borrowed Time," "My Sister Eileen" and "Skyline."

Many years ago, Miss Graham's father and John Golden became very close friends and Golden, visiting the home of his friend met the golden-haired daughter of that household and promised her that some day he would give her a big part.

On Exeter Screen

"Tender Comrade" starring Ginger Rogers, Ruth Hussey and Robert Ryan begins today at the Exeter at Theater with "The Whistler" with Richard Dix.

"Broadway Rhythm," in technicolor, with Ginny Simms and George Murphy will be the main feature for Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

Continued on Page 15

KEITH MEMORIAL
MARIO MONTEZ
JOHN HALL SARGENT
COBRA WOMAN
TECHNICOLOR
EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA! SARGENT & SARGENT
RKO BOSTON
ON STAGE! ABE LYMAN
and his Californians
ORCHESTRA
GENE SHELDON
OLSEN & JOHNSON
GHOST CATCHERS

RKO BOSTON
ON STAGE! ABE LYMAN
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CAMBRIDGE SUMMER THEATRE
BRATTLE MALL, TRO. 3499
Sun. Mat. 2:30-5:00, Fri. & Sat. 7:15-10:15
★ PATTI PICKENS
Starring in the Tameless Musical Comedy
"OH BOY!"
Leave Your Halls at the Back Seats and Listen
by P. C. Woodhouse and Gay Butler
Printed: Sun. at 8:30, 30 to 31:50 PLUS
Mat. Sat. at 2:30, 30 to 31:50 PLUS
SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
Page 14—BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 16, 1944

M-G-M's Talent-Topping
Triumph in Technicolor!
The biggest show on water!

Bathing Beauty

COMING SOON!

EXETER KEN 7067
GINGER ROGERS-ROBERT RYAN
TENDER COMRADE
RICHARD DIX
"THE WHISTLER"
Thurs. "BROADWAY RHYTHM"

UPTOWN Rmt. & Mus. Ave.
Very popular place
ALL CONDITIONED
Ginger Rogers-Robt. Ryan
"TENDER COMRADE"
Proctor Foster-Ann Rutherford
"BERMUDA MYSTERY"

The Cool COLONIAL
11TH LAFF WEEK
MATINEES WED., SAT. 75c, \$1, \$1.50
NIGHTS-2nd Bal. 75c; Orch. \$2-All Plus Tax
NIGHTS—BARGAIN BALCONY, \$1, \$1.50

"A HOWL OF A HIT!"
GEORGE HOLLAND—AMERICAN
JOHN GOLDEN'S
3 IS A FAMILY

NORMANDIE • NOW •
JOHN GARFIELD outcast
When they made her an
THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL
SHERIDAN DEAD END KIDS
2nd Smash Hit!
ROBINSON-DIETRICH-RAFT
When they get together watch the sparks fly!
M. A. N. O. W.

A Starlet Grows Up

Continued From Page 14

cin Diana is until she played with the juvenile symphony orchestra last year.

"My music really brought me into pictures," she said. "When Susanna Foster was making 'There's Magic in Music' I was 13 and Paramount wanted some children who had musical background. I went to play the accompaniment for a girl violinist and remained to play a piano solo of my own."

"There's Magic in Music" was made under Diana's real name of Dolly Roche. "I didn't like the name of Dolly," she confided, "and I wanted a name that was easier to pronounce, so I became Diana Lynn."

THIS NATIVE Californian was born in Los Angeles and went to school there.

She said, "My last years in high school were spent with private teachers, but I did graduate with my class."

She didn't take a flying leap to fame. After one picture there was a long wait before any director would give her a chance. "I was the awkward age, all feet and hands, and I thought I had made a mistake to try to be a movie actress. Then when Ginger Rogers made 'The Major and the Minor,' William Wyler had me play the tiresome sister with the highest notions—a sort of glorified brat."

Well, you know the rest. Diana had one of the top roles in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" and she is Dorothy Lamour's sister in "And the Angels Sing."

If the publicity department had its way she would be the biggest star on the lot. They are all pulling for her because, as one of them said, "she has never had her head turned, and she is just a regular girl."

Yet Actor Honored

Today's the umpteenth birthday of Charles Burrows, the old baby doctor of "3 Is a Family," and in celebration, the veteran actor will be given a Jolster party at the Beacon st. home of Mr. and Mrs. John Leavitt. They are the parents of Theodore Leavitt, the Purple Heart hero, who plays the young soldier daddy in the Colonial farce hit. Everybody from "3 Is a Family" will attend.

"Shine on Harvest Moon" Warner Bros. new tune musical romance, starring Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan, Irene Manning and Jack Carson, is now at the Washington Street Olympia and Scollay.

Sharing screen honors is "Bermuda Mystery," murder thriller, co-starring Preston Foster and Ann Rutherford.

CAREFULLY AIR COOLED
LOEW'S
STATE & ORPHEUM

TODAY-DONORS OPEN at 12:45 P. M.
AT BOTH THEATRES
HELD OVER 2nd WEEK
MGM-Unforgettable Romance
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER
Starring
IRENE DUNNE
-plus-
SELECTED SHORTS
Lucia's News of the Day
BUY WAR BONDS AT LOEW'S

TRANS-LUX
AIR CONDO
"CALL OF THE JUNGLE"
BUSTER CRABBE
"THE CONQUEROR"



MITZI MAYFAIR shares honors with Kay Francis, Carole Landis and Martha Raye in "Four Jills in a Jeep" now at the Paramount and Fenway.

At Para-Fenway

"Four Jills in a Jeep," at the Paramount and Fenway, was suggested by the USO tour made by Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair, its stars as you may recall.

The streamlined foursome's jaunt took them to England and thence into North Africa. The 20th Century-Fox release records some of the girls' experiences away from fire, and under it, too, but mainly dwells upon the laughter and entertainment the Hollywood quartet brought to the fighting fronts.

Importantly spotted in the picture are Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda, Dick Haymes, Phil Silvers and George Jessell, plus the Jimmy Dorsey band.

Hit Film at Gayety

That khaki-go-wacky film, "Hay, Rookie," marches on its merry way at the Gayety. Ann Miller is the dainty dancing star, and Joe Eesser the top-rank comedian.

Co-featured on the popular Gayety bill is "The Housekeeper's Daughter," starring Joan Bennett.

On Uptown Screen

Ginger Rogers is the star attraction at the Uptown Theater today in "Tender Comrade," a touching love story of our modern world. Sharing screen honors with Miss Rogers are Robert Ryan and Ruth Hussey.

The companion attraction is "Bermuda Mystery" with Preston Foster and Ann Rutherford.

HURRY!
11th WEEK!
Will not be shown at lower prices until 1945!

Franz Werfel
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
20th CENTURY FOX PRESENTS

THE COOL SHUBERT
MAJESTIC
CONTINUOUS • TODAY FROM 1 P. M.

BEACON
WALLACE BERRY, MARJORIE MAIN
"RATIONING"
Belita—"LADY LET'S DANCE"

'Bernadette' Continuing

If a cameraman is lucky, he photographs one great picture in a lifetime. Arthur Miller has been lucky three times.

The first time was with "Peter Ibbetson," which was so long ago that probably no one else remembers the picture. The second time was with "How Green Was My Valley." The third time was with "The Song of Bernadette," now in its 11th week at the Majestic.

When a picture has a great story to tell, and tells it simply and movingly, a sincerity comes out in the crew on the movie set.

From beginning to end of production, that feeling pervaded the set of "The Song of Bernadette."

Globe Drama

Full and relentless exposure of one of the worst features of the American underworld is high-spotted in "Assassin of Youth," at the Globe Theater for the sixth week.

This sensational film exposes the traffic in marihuana, and was made from reports of narcotic agents operating in all parts of the country.

The spread of marihuana has been most alarming in recent years, and for a deeper understanding of this dangerous drug and its effects upon both boys and girls the picture carries a message of great importance to both old and young.

Emerson Summer Theater

The Emerson Summer Theatre will open its fourth season next Wednesday night with "Ladies in Retirement." The play will be presented Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights at the Emerson Theater, Berkeley st. at the Esplanade.

"Vickie" will be the next production on July 25, 27 and 28, and "The Torchbearers" will conclude the season on August 9, 10, and 11.

The plays will be under the direction of Gertrude Binley Kay, with settings by Paul Cadorette.

GLOBE • 6th SMASH WEEK

ADULTS ONLY
A MONSTER
in gay disguise
firing youth with
warring that leads
to disaster!
DON'T MISS
ASSASSIN OF YOUTH
SOWS THE SEEDS
OF PASSION AND
REAPS A HARVEST
OF MADNESS!
NO REPEAT

GAYETY NOW!
JEES OF FUN!
HEY, ROOKIE
CO-HIT
"HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER"

TREMONT NEWSREEL
CARY GRANT
JEAN ARTHUR
BILLY ANGLES MEET WING
LENA HORNE
STORMY WEATHER
MARCH OF TIME
CAPTURE OF CHERBOURG
PETE SMITH—TWO CARTOONS

MOVIE CLOCK

METROPOLITAN — "Adventure of Mark Twain" 2:15, 8:45, 9:30. "Take It Easy" 1, 4:30, 8.
MEMORIAL — "Cobra Woman" 1:30, 2:30, 8:30, 10:15. "South of Border" 1:10, 4:30, 8:50, 10:15.
KNOX-BOSTON — "G. H. 8.5.1. Catchers" 1:30, 2:30, 8:45, 10:15. Stage show, 3:15, 4:30, 8:50, 10:15.
STATE AND ORPHEUM — "White Girls of Dover" 1:10, 2:10, 8:30, 10:10.
PARAMOUNT — "Four Jills in a Jeep" 1, 4:45, 7:30, 10. "Gambler's Choice" 1, 2:40, 8:15, 9:50.
KEYWAY — "Four Jills in a Jeep" 1, 2:40, 8:30, 9:15. "Gambler's Choice" 1, 2:40, 8:30, 9:15.
GAYETY — "Housekeeper's Daughter" 1, 2:20, 8:27, 9:10. "Hey, Rookie" 1, 2:40, 8:45, 9:47.
KEYWAY — "Tender Comrade" 8:15, 9:15, 10:15. "The Whistler" 2:30, 8:20, 9:20.
OLYMPIA — "Shine on Harvest Moon" 2:10, 8:45, 9:15. "Bermuda Mystery" 1, 2:10, 8:40, 9:10.
TRANS-LUX — "Call of the Jungle" 1, 2:30, 8:40, 9:00, 10:25. "The Conqueror" 1, 2:10, 8:30, 9:15.
MODERN — "Going My Way" 1:35, 2:30, 8:20, 9:05.
UPDOWN — "Tender Comrade" 2:35, 8:30. "Bermuda Mystery" 1:10, 8:30, 9:10.
SCOLLAY — "Shine on Harvest Moon" 2:30, 8:40, 9:10. "Bermuda Mystery" 1, 2:30, 8:40, 9:10.
BEACON — "Lady, Let's Dance" 1, 4:15, 7:27. "Rationing" 2:25, 8:50, 9:30.
TREMONT — "Stormy Weather" 1, 4:27, 7:40. "Only Angels Have Wings" 2:15, 8:35, 9:55.
OLD SOUTH — "Backdoor to Tokyo" 1, 2:30, 8:40, 9:00, 10:25. "The Conqueror" 1, 2:10, 8:30, 9:15.
NOVADIE — "The Mad Me a Criminal" 1, 4:17, 7:45. "Man Power" 2:32, 8:40, 9:10.

At the Normandie

The Normandie has an ace pair of thrillers on the screen today, with the starry threesome of Edward G. Robinson, Marlene Dietrich and George Raft topping the cast in "Man Power," and John Garfield taking the honors in "They Made Me a Criminal," in which the Dead End Kids have featured roles.

Oh Boy! Next At Cambridge

"Oh Boy!" one of the gayest, most charming of musicals, will be at the Cambridge Summer Theater, Brattle Hall, Harvard sq., beginning tomorrow night.

Singing the beguiling Jerome Kern melodies will be lovely Patil Pickens in person, youngest of the famous triumvirate nationally known as "The Pickens Sisters." "Oh Boy!" was authored by P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton and was first produced in World War 1.

Among the delightful songs of Jerome Kern's "Oh Boy!" are such favorites as "A Pal Like You," "Till the Clouds Roll By," "Nobody Home," "Go to It," and "Old Fashioned Wife."

Supporting Miss Pickens will be all the members of the professional resident company of the Cambridge Summer Theater, Robert E. Perry directs.

Woodrow Wilson

Something to look forward to is the 20th-Century-Fox film "Wilson," based on the career of World War I President Woodrow Wilson. It is scheduled for early release here.

An imposing cast is headed by Alexander Knox as Wilson, and includes among more than two score celebrities, Charles Coburn, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Thomas Mitchell, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincente Price, Mary Anderson and Sidney Blackmer.

M.P. Theatres MOVIE GUIDE

Metropolitan NOW! Comfortably Air-Conditioned
"TAKE IT BIG"
Fredric March, Alexis Smith, Donald Gray, Leo G. Carroll
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN
BING CROSBY • HARRY FITZGERALD
"AND THE ANGELS SING"
THURS. 8:15, 10:15, 11:15
SCOTLAND YARD

PARAMOUNT AND FENWAY KAY FRANCIS • CAROLE LANDIS • MARSHA RAY • MITZI MAYFAIR
also "GAMBLER'S CHOICE" 1, 2:40, 8:15, 9:50
"FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP"
also "GAMBLER'S CHOICE" 1, 2:40, 8:15, 9:50
OLYMPIA & SCOLLAY also "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER" 1, 2:40, 8:15, 9:50
"SHINE ON HARVEST MOON"
also "BERMUDA MYSTERY" 1, 2:40, 8:15, 9:50

MODERN BING CROSBY • HARRY FITZGERALD
"GOING MY WAY"
THURS. 8:15, 10:15, 11:15

CLEVELAND CIRCLE
CIRCLE Air Conditioned. Cont. 1:30-11
Paul. 1:30-11
All-Star Cast "FOLLOW THE ROYAL ALLSTON-JAMAICA PLAIN" Cont. 1:30-11
A. Sheridan-B. Morgan-C. Crosby-F. Fitzgerald
"SHINE ON" "GOING MY WAY" "FALCON OUT WEST" Shows 2:40-5:25-8:30

ALLSTON End Side Side-Way B. Morgan
Cont. 2:15
"MILLION DOLLAR KID" STA. 4410 Frances Langford, "CAREER GIRL" Cont. 2:15
"MILLION DOLLAR KID" STA. 4410 Frances Langford, "CAREER GIRL" Cont. 2:15

CENTRAL SQ. Cont. 1:30-11
TSS. 7:50
Cont. 1:30-11
"TENDER COMRADE" "BERMUDA MYSTERY"

OLYMPIA CHELSEA Fitzgerald
CNE. 1861
"Going My Way" Cont. 1:30-11
DORCHESTER
Cont. 1:30-11
"GOING MY WAY" "BERMUDA MYSTERY"

CODMAN Screened at 1:00-3:30-6:30-8:30
Rings "GOING MY WAY" "BERMUDA MYSTERY"

FIELDS Wilkey-Rosen-Benita-Graville
TAL. 3000
Cont. 1:30-11
"GOING MY WAY" "BERMUDA MYSTERY"

FRANKLIN TAL. 5000. Cont. 1:30-11
Rings "GOING MY WAY" "BERMUDA MYSTERY"

NORTON GEN. 8:00. Cont. 1:30-11
Dorothy Young "KNOW WHITE & 7 DWARFS" "LADIES COLOGNE"

STRAND Cont. 1:30-11
Ginger Rogers "TENDER COMRADE" Robert Ryan Preston Foster "BERMUDA MYSTERY"

MYDE PARK FAIRMOUNT Wilkey-Rosen-Benita-Graville
BYD. 1254 "ARMY HARRY'S BLIND TROUBLE" Cont. 1:30-11
"ARMY HARRY'S BLIND TROUBLE" Cont. 1:30-11

ORIENTAL Cont. 1:30-11
Ginger Rogers-Benita-Graville "TENDER COMRADE" Preston Foster "BERMUDA MYSTERY"

REGENT Cont. 1:30-11
Ginger Rogers-Benita-Graville "TENDER COMRADE" Preston Foster "BERMUDA MYSTERY"

RIVOLI Cont. 1:30-11
Ginger Rogers-Benita-Graville "TENDER COMRADE" Preston Foster "BERMUDA MYSTERY"

DUDLEY RING. 6042. Cont. 1:30-11
Richard B. "ARMY HARRY'S BLIND TROUBLE" Cont. 1:30-11

SHAWMUT RING. 1370 "THE WHISTLER" Cont. 1:30-11

HUMBOLDT RING. 1100. Cont. 1:30-11
Frances Langford-Carly Wood, "CAREER GIRL" Cont. 1:30-11

WARREN RING. 1100. Cont. 1:30-11
Frances Langford-Carly Wood, "CAREER GIRL" Cont. 1:30-11

Capitol-Ball Sq. Cont. 1:30-11
Edward G. Robinson-Lynn R. 2434
"TAMPOCO" Cont. 1:30-11

CENTRAL Cont. 1:30-11
Ginger Rogers-Benita-Graville "TENDER COMRADE" Cont. 1:30-11

STRAND Cont. 1:30-11
Ginger Rogers-Benita-Graville "TENDER COMRADE" Cont. 1:30-11

WOLLASTON Cont. 1:30-11
Ginger Rogers-Benita-Graville "TENDER COMRADE" Cont. 1:30-11

How Increasing Your Vocabulary Will Help You Get Ahead in Life



DR. WILFRED FUNK

is the well-known author and lexicographer, for 16 years President of the famous dictionary-making firm of Funk and Wagnalls. His collaborator, Mr. Norman Lewis, is a well-known author of text-books and teacher of English.

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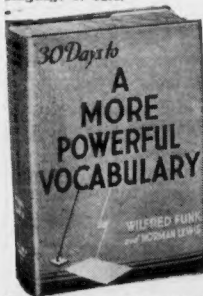
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